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THURSDAY, APRIL 13, 1905

No. 9.



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SAINT LOUIS



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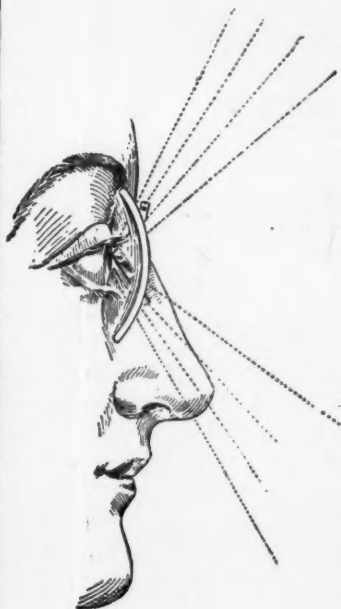
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Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

About Right

M R. FRANK D. HIRSCHBERG, the city's *arbitrator elegantiarum*, meandered into the St. Louis Club last Wednesday evening a week ago.

He met Rolla Wells, who had been elected the day before to the Mayoralty, by a few more than 1,300 plurality.

"What d'ye think of the election?" queried the Mayor.

"It isn't so devilish bad, you know," quoth Frank. "Damn it, Frank; don't be fulsome," said Rolla.

The moral of this story lies, as *Jack Bunsby* said, in the application on't.

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Sunday Closing

THE Sunday law is to be enforced in St. Louis, by Democratic officials who, prior to the election on the 4th inst., said they contemplated no such thing, while party managers told the German voters in North and South St. Louis that the law would be enforced only if they voted Talty into office as Mayor. To save their Sunday beer in the growler or at the gardens, the German wards slaughtered Talty. Now they are to get a dose of the Sunday law anyhow. Serves 'em right, in a way, for being bluffed and bulldozed. But this thing of enforcing laws dependent on political action shows a bad tendency in the Folk administration. The Sunday law was put in force in Kansas City frankly because the brewers and saloon men voted and swung their influence against a new charter for the city by the Kaw. The Sunday law is to be enforced here, probably, because the Sunday beer loving Germans didn't elect the whole Democratic ticket. These considerations, however, do not affect the proposition that a law is a law and should be obeyed. If the brewers and saloon men will abide by the law, they will do much to make it odious. If they will close up tight all the drinking places, public opinion will soon indicate that it is not in favor of the law and will enforce its repeal. The brewers need not worry so much about the law. They can increase their business by selling bottled beer to the homes rather than to the saloons. The saloonkeepers proper do not make much money on Sunday. It is in the growler business that the grocery-saloons in the residence districts will suffer. The saloon men in the central part of the city can well afford to close on Sunday, but the North or South End saloonkeeper who hustled for Wells so that Folk wouldn't enforce Sunday closing, is the one who will suffer, since his business is mostly profitable because of its Sunday patronage. Wells' club friends, the members of the Big Cinch, won't suffer for lack of Sunday drinks. They can lush up at their clubs and enjoy their booze the more for imagining the common people with their parched tongues hanging out for lack of a libation. The gardens will close, for they can't be conducted

profitably on the sale of soft drinks and ice cream. This will mean house-confinement for a hundred thousand St. Louisans on hot Sunday afternoons and nights. It will mean absolutely no rest and recreation for the working people who most need it on the sultry Sundays of summer. The closing of Delmar Garden and Forest Park Highlands and the Tyrolean Alps will be little less than an outrageous persecution and torture of a people used for many years to a continental Sunday. That this law was not enforced until its enforcement could not injure the Democratic party only convicts Governor Folk and his appointees of a despicable use of their power to coerce the people politically, while openly lying to them and practicing false pretenses upon them. The enforcement is a dirty political trick if ever there was one, and all the dirtier because it is a punishment of the majority of decent and innocent citizens, in the matter of a little harmless pleasure, for no other purpose than to curry favor with a church element that was *not* clamoring for law enforcement in this particular, and to punish saloonists in the Democratic wards who scratched the Democratic candidate for Mayor. Still and for all, the law should be obeyed. There is no escaping that. If the liquor interests will only obey the law absolutely, they will quickly force its repeal.

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Straight Municipal Ownership Talk

WE have heard and read much concerning municipal ownership of public utilities—much that is extreme for and against. Now Chicago is going to make an effort to own and operate its own street railways. There is no reason why a city can't do that as well and as satisfactorily as it owns and operates its water works or a gas or electric light plant. There is no reason why American cities cannot do what many European cities have done and are doing, for human nature is the same everywhere. There is no reason why properties should be confiscated to do this. They can be bought at a fair valuation. If they are profitable to private corporations, they can be made profitable to the citizens and the profits can be paid in reduction of taxation. If any city can do this thing and do it well, that city is Chicago. The people there want it done, and they have elected a Mayor who has the nerve to do it. The country will watch the efforts of Chicago with interest, but they would do well to beware of newspaper stories concerning the progress of the struggle, because the newspapers are run mostly in the interest of those who wish to make it appear that the programme is impractical, because they wish to make more money by taking the public property—i. e., the streets—and using it as the basis of a capitalization for their own benefit, to sell transportation to the public over their own property for private profit. The exploiters of the public, by serving the public through private use of the public's utilities, are solid against the people using their own property to serve

themselves. The capitalization of public franchises, which mostly escape taxation because they are such, is most fictitious. The charges for public service through such franchise corporations are excessive because of the necessity of paying fixed charges and dividends upon the fictitious valuation or capitalization. The people are robbed of the just taxes the public service corporations should, but do not pay, and they are also robbed by the extra prices which they, the people, must pay for the service in order to make the franchises profitable to their private owners on the basis of outrageous over-capitalization. There is nothing in the proposition of municipal ownership of public utilities that is not consistent with sound business sense. The people can serve themselves and save money collectively and individually. Municipal ownership of railways is not more socialistic than municipal ownership and operation of sewers, or water works, or gas plants, or governmental ownership and control of the postoffice. If we are told that municipal service will not be honest, why, all we have to do is point to the facts of common knowledge as to the dishonesty of private business on a large scale, from the Equitable Insurance Society to the Shipping Trust. If "they" tell us that municipal ownership will bring the men operating the utilities into politics, we have only to answer that the bodies of men operating the utilities under private ownership are in politics now, up to their necks, and in it nefariously, to its corruption beyond all possibility of exaggeration. We can vote a bad gang out of control of the water works in St. Louis—where, by the way, there never has been a bad gang—but we can't vote a bad gang corrupting and controlling politics out of the United Railways or the gas and electric light companies under private ownership. There is absolutely no valid argument against either the theory or the practice of municipal ownership. Wherever it has been tried, the people, who, after all, are not such fools as they seem, have never gone back to private ownership, and the idea has never been broached except by corruptionists in business and politics. The people are fairly competent to control their own public service. Occasionally they vote bad men into office, but they soon vote them out. Make bad service through public utilities punishable at the polls, and we shall have a good public service nine-tenths of the time. We should have municipal ownership in every American city where the public has confidence in the advocates thereof and sees that its fears of public graft in public ownership are carefully fostered chiefly by those who want to conduct private graft in the operation of privately controlled utilities. The people who rob the public cry out that the public will be worse robbed if politicians operate the utilities. This is not true. Political graft is nothing compared with private business graft. Look at the Equitable. Where do railroad rebates go? Into the pockets of railroad officials, not to the stockholders. How about the companies within companies which milk all the big corporations for a few "insider" officials? Public business can be done and is done by public officials as honestly as private business is done, and more so; for the private official of a corporation rarely quits his place "broke," while ninety-nine public officials out of one hundred leave public office without even a competency to their credit.

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Kinney For Leader

In the last election in this city both Mr. Harry B. Hawes and Col. Ed Butler lost out as leaders. Senator Tom Kinney saved the day for the Democrats, in the Fourth ward, even as he saved Folk in St. Louis,

in November, even as he saved the World's Fair charter amendments. Kinney is a real leader who leads. He doesn't get others to do the work and then pose publicly for the credit. He has been an exemplary member of the House of Delegates and the best man St. Louis has had in the State Legislature for years. His hand is not out for money. He isn't a grafter, high-toned or low-toned. He keeps his word. He sticks to his friends. He is not a "throw-down." He can always get results. Around him the ward leaders can concentrate to put the Democracy on its feet, for Democracy is down and out, since Wells lost in all the Democratic wards and was elected in the Republican wards, and his triumph was a Republican not a Democratic victory. Kinney is more than an executant. He has more brains than all the fellows who profess to lead him. He is the ablest, most trustworthy, most undiscredited practical politician in the local Democratic party and that he is the new leader was shown when, after saving Wells, he organized the House of Delegates in spite of both Butler and Hawes. Kinney is the logic of the situation and a man the party needs after its latter experience with the "double-crossers" and "big-mitters." He has more wards in his hand now than either Butler or Hawes, and his reputation is rising on all sides, in spite of the fierce criticism of the opposition, which has been unable to circumvent his protean efficiency. The Senator from the Thirty-first district is a looming figure. He is not coming; he's already here. And he can't be bluffed or bought or tricked or traded. Upon his work other leaders, now passing into eclipse, have made reputation and acquired wealth in ways that Kinney would never be suspected of acquiring it. Upon his management these others have had the praise and the more substantial emoluments of politics. The Big Cinch has been confided into faith in other fellows who, without Kinney, could not carry their own precinct. Without indulging in commendation of all Mr. Kinney does in politics it may be said, nevertheless, that he comes nearer to being "on the square" than the leaders who turn from him when he is under fire. He doesn't run. He "delivers the goods" and "stands the gaff." He takes the chances while others pose as "reputables." His courage, his honesty, his fidelity, his brains make him the logical man to draw the fragments of the Democracy together and weld them into a homogeneous mass.

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Like Our Lee.

"AN aged Korean councillor of state, who is a strong reformer, Mr. Choi Ik Yen, has been sitting outside the palace gate at Seoul for five days," says a Japanese newspaper. "He proposes to sit there until the needed reforms are carried out." Even so Mr. Lee Meriwether is holding out against the time when he shall be called upon to take upon himself the burden of the St. Louis Mayoralty.

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Jeffersonianism.

TO-DAY, April 13th, is Jefferson Day. The Democrats are rather monopolizing it. Yet while the party that prates most of Jeffersonianism is appropriating to itself all the honor of keeping alive his principles, who is the greatest Jeffersonian in the United States? Theodore Roosevelt, who derives from Jefferson's great antagonist and antithesis, Hamilton. Mr. Bryan, we may admit, is Jeffersonian, but Mr. Bryan is not so Jeffersonian as Roosevelt. Mr. Bryan is Jeffersonian on the sentimental, speculative side. President Roosevelt is Jeffersonian on the practical side, for the great Virginian was both a dreamer and a doer.

President Roosevelt has written disparagingly of Jefferson, very disparagingly, but he has done Jeffersonian things, whereas, up to date, Mr. Bryan would appear only to have said them. Jefferson's gospel, in the main, is good, but it needs an interpretation in deeds adjusted to present conditions which only an alloy of Hamiltonism can inspire. Jefferson was too much colored by Rousseau and the French school of thought to be quite trustworthy as a practical guide, and Hamilton, on the other hand, was equally unsafe with his distrust of the people. The best American is the man who blends his Jefferson and Hamilton, with a little preponderance of the former in his philosophy and conduct. Mr. Bryan, therefore, may be more of a Jeffersonian than President Roosevelt, but not a better Jeffersonian, since Jefferson could speculate rather wildly in his writing, but when it came to action he was guided by practicability and expediency, and substituted common sense for abstractions however glittering and attractive. Mr. Jefferson, it will be remembered, especially of people in the Louisiana Purchase, was a pretty fair type of what we have latterly been calling an imperialist, and he was no more above the most practical sort of politics than was Abraham Lincoln. He put his theories pretty much in the background whenever he came to deal with facts.

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Another Tap.

CONTESTED election cases are a skin game on the candidates. They are worked up solely to make fees for lawyers in politics. The fees are good-sized, too. A contest is only another "tap" of the candidates for what they may have left after the campaign. The fellows urging the contests are the fellows who will get the fees. Such is disinterestedness in politics.

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Let's Have No Contests

CANDIDATES at the recent city election, both Democratic and Republican, who have been returned as defeated, are talking about contesting the election. They are lured to this purpose by the closeness of the vote, the smallness of the pluralities. Still they played the game with full knowledge of the rules, practical as well as theoretical. They should accept the result. It looks like mere malice to cloud an opponent's title to an office by questioning his election when both took the same chance. There is a cry of fraud on both sides. There probably was fraud on both sides, though certainly less than ever before known in a municipal contest. The fraud on one side fairly balanced the fraud on the other side, and that being the case, the closeness of the totals, a triumph by a plurality of 3 in 90,000 votes, for instance, indicates a general fairness of the fight which should not now be called in question. If Wells was stuffed out by "recreant" Democrats in the center of the city, the indications are that Talty was stuffed out by traitor Republican judges in North and South end Republican wards. The Big Cinch's campaign fund was spent in Republican wards exclusively, and the Big Cinchers got what they paid for. Butler's knifing of Wells was more than made up for Republican knifing of Talty—only Butler and his followers knifed for revenge, while the men who slaughtered Talty wielded their creeses for pay. Aside from the knifers, however, Wells got the majority of the honest vote, and his election is unquestioned by anyone familiar with all the circumstances and conditions of the campaign. The other candidates ran so closely together that the assumption of fraud in the result is incompatible with common sense. Contests, therefore, will mean only a waste of time and money, and some embarrassment of the public ser-

The public is tired of politics, for the time being. It wants no more candidates fighting battles over again. It will hearken to no more twice told tales. The defeated candidate who takes his medicine is the one who will have most public respect in his days of disappointment. And be it remembered that I who write this did not pick many winners in the big melee of April 4th. Tom Kinney, of the Fourth Ward, says the result is all right. The Senator is an expert voter, and he knows. Let us accept the returns indorsed by the Senator, and make obeisance unto him for his guarantee that Right is triumphant and still maintains headquarters at 211 North Ninth street, the old stand.

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Free Bridges.

LET'S have all the free bridges imaginable across the Mississippi at St. Louis. But where are the railroads that will use them? All the roads now entering St. Louis from the East are interested in the two existent bridges and will naturally use those structures. Free bridges are all right, but they will not be of much use to the city if they are used only by pedestrians and horse-drawn vehicles. But let us have the bridges anyhow. St. Louis bridges going up, going up, so merri-lee!

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No Selling of Wedding Presents

SHALL we sell our duplicate wedding presents? That is a burning question in high society. And yet—why should it be? The mere fact that it is a "question" convicts us of hypocrisy. For is it not well and widely known of men and women, too, that the matter of selling presents is reprehensible, if at all, only because it is an innovation which does not really innovate? Have we not been in the habit of holding our wedding presents until other people get married and then passing them along—the duplicates, at least—to the new victims? We have: you know we have. The commercial element introduced into the manipulation of wedding presents is to be condemned because it is not true commercialism, not true economy. A wedding present has value only as a wedding present. When the wedding qualification is detached therefrom the article loses its chief value, and consequently deteriorates as a commodity. It is never, after it has ceased to be a wedding present, quite what it was before, and with the sentiment detached from it, which gives it a sort of fiat value, it loses its essence which gave it price, especially as, in most cases, the thing that is a wedding present is of no use or distinction as anything else. A philosopher summarizes the matter thus: "When a thing that is a wedding present makes the rounds from one wedding to another it has what the economists would call exchange-value. It is a kind of currency, wedding currency. But it must be plain to any one that it can circulate outside of the realm of Hymen only at a great depreciation." A wedding present, *ipso facto*, can only have value to those who have a wedding on hand. One doesn't want a wedding present only when he or she is wedding, and then they need it as does the man who doesn't ordinarily need a pistol until he goes to Texas, and then he "needs it like hell." People who have no wedding on hand look with scorn upon such things, even as persons who have no funeral on hand look not with interest or avidity upon coffins or upon shrouds. Our philosopher may well go on to say: "The old way is the best way. Dear friends give things that newly wedded couples wish to keep. All other persons are Hymen's tax-payers. Many don't wish to levy the

tax and many don't want to pay it, but it has to be done. So when a married man takes out fire insurance he includes in the schedule so many chairs, so many vases, so many pianos, so many cut glass dishes, so many tables, and so many wedding presents. Then somebody gets married and the stock of wedding presents is diminished by one." And so on, *ad infinitum*, like the fleas that "had other fleas to bite 'em." "This," we agree with the philosopher, "is sound economy, and cannot but be commended, except to the careless rich for a wedding present transmuted into the cold cash of a world which tries to find uses for its possessions can hardly be a good bargain." The sale of wedding presents is, therefore, in violation of the laws of economics. Its disposition to weddingless people is a perversion of use, which means a destruction of value. To sell what one does not need to another who does not need it is manifestly economical waste of energy in barter. To send the wedding presents we received to others who may be wedded from time to time, keeps the wedding present in its proper sphere and on its proper plane of usefulness. It makes a sort of currency for the Land of Honeymoon, and it relieves us of many a memento of our early foolishness or of a souvenir of some one we have long since "got mad at." The MIRROR cannot indorse the innovation of selling wedding presents. It favors passing them along, especially as so many of us are getting married so often, thanks to our divorce laws. There will soon be an unique joy in yourself receiving on your third or fourth matrimonial venture the same presents you received on your first or second, and passed on. No: the MIRROR cannot countenance the commercializing of, the trafficking in wedding presents. The MIRROR ventures modestly to think that its arguments are incontrovertible, and its position impregnable, on this vital issue.

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Inconsequent

PEOPLE who commit suicide are so inconsequent. There's the millionaire's daughter in New York who, last Sunday, because she suffered from dyspepsia, shot herself in the head. Why should the head be punished? Rather, one should think, the offending organ—the stomach. If only suicides were more logical there would be—no more suicide.

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You Must Love Lady Kitty

EVERYBODY talks and most everybody writes about Mrs. Humphrey Ward's "Marriage of William Ashe." In many words there is a saying nothing. Suffice it that *Lady Kitty Bristol*, the heroine of this book takes by sheer charm her sure place among the unforgettable sweet sinning women whose fatal elfinism casts a glamour over history and fiction, in which tedious virtue loses the radiance imagined for it by the homilists. *Lady Kitty* is a splendid rebuke to common sense and the commonplace—the bane of romance—and *William Ashe*, her husband, is so loveable in his complaisance that we feel that he, too, thought all laws and *convenances* were suspended for Kitty. The villain, *Geoffrey Cliffe*, is a poor, but interesting copy of Lord Byron, and *Madame d'Estrees* reminds one pleasantly of the old age of *Beatrice Esmond*. Mrs. Ward has achieved a truly first-class novel, worth a shop-ful of "Robert Elsmere," but fine as it is, it does not come near the work of George Eliot, as some extravagant admirers insist. Mrs. Ward has a sure touch on life, but it is not deep and strong. It still has much of the quality of her distinguished kinsman, Matthew Arnold. The conventions grasp

her too tightly, and her story, as the London *Spectator* says, is a "tragedy *de luxe*," and does not reach down to the common people. After all, there's an aloofness about it all; it seems to live and ferment in a world of special favor and brilliance, and the passion of it is ever restrained by that stolid good form and intense British reserve which still gives to the beings, even those most vitally portrayed, of the novelist's imagination a quality as of automatonism. But, for all this, *Lady Kitty Bristol* is like to live with *Becky Sharp* and *Manon Lescaut*, and other women whose badness has in its *insouciance* an ineffaceable and ineffable charm as of innocence distorted in mere caprice of "the inexorable high gods." She is, as *Tess*, "the sport of the Immortals," and loveable in the moral ruin over which her dying laughter plays with an unexampled pathos of tragic incongruity. To have created *Lady Kitty Bristol* is an achievement that the world will remember. It is to have given to our hearts a new treasure of love and pity, and to have added to our list of dream-heroines one whose weakness will plead powerfully for charity towards those who fail and fall around us in a world untouched of that rare charm of grace and culture in which the genius of Mrs. Humphrey Ward has such splendid play.

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The Lid.

THE lid is on in St. Louis. Chief Kiely now modifies his vocal *chef d'oeuvre* to "The lid me father wore." It won't hurt to keep the lid down tight for a while. It will cause the confined gases finally to blow up the different cinches, which still flourish—like craps and policy. I say keep down the lid because it is not down, and the police are still "playing favorites." There are still gambling games that are overlooked because their proprietors have a political interest. A square deal for all the sports—or the lid down tight on everybody.

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Prejudice Against Jew-Christian Marriage

RABBI HIRSCH, an eminent Jewish divine, was interviewed the other day about the reported engagement of Miss Harriet Pastor, an humble daughter of the Ghetto, and Mr. J. G. Phelps Stokes, the son of a wealthy New York family who took up, not long since, missionary work in Gotham's so-called slums. Dr. Hirsch says that the marriage of a Christian and a Jewess is so unusual as to occasion universal remark throughout the United States, and that it is the subject of excited comment, first because Miss Pastor is not on the social plane of the bridegroom, and second because she is a Jewess. Dr. Hirsch's "first" is all right, or, perhaps, all wrong. It is all right as a statement. It is all wrong that there should be "excited comment" because of difference in the social planes of the bride and groom. There's only one plane here, in fact—the plane of intelligent decency. The second cause given by Dr. Hirsch for the "excited comment" is that it is because the girl is a Jewess. This is altogether wrong. In the first place, the Christian community does not indulge in "excited comment" over the marriages of Christians and Jews. The "excited comment" which Dr. Hirsch refers to, implying that it is significant of prejudice against the Jews, does not come from a Hebraophobic Christian community. It all comes from the Jews themselves. The *Chicago Tribune* takes Dr. Hirsch to task upon this point in an editorial that is forceful with fact, and not disfigured by temper. It points out that, if Jewesses rarely marry Christians, it is as much because they are op-

posed to marriages of that kind as because Christians are opposed to them. It is a mighty hard thing to get a Jewess to marry a Christian unless he will embrace her religious faith. In fact, it is pointed out in the particular case under consideration that Miss Pastor is not an orthodox Jewess. Apparently she is not in good and regular standing. If she were she might not be willing to wed Mr. Stokes, unless he were to consent to become a Jew. As we all know, there are a great many beautiful and accomplished Jewesses in this country, but the number of them who are attached to their religion and are also willing to marry Christians is remarkably small. The Jews are a "peculiar people," more so, perhaps, in their matrimonial relations than in any other custom in which they keep to themselves. It is in no sense true that they are ostracised or compelled to keep to themselves as far as marriage goes. It is they who insist upon it. Even the Jewish men, while they are willing to pay polite attention to Christian women, will not, as a rule, marry them unless they will profess the men's religious faith. And, indeed, there is a phase of the lower Jewish man's relation to Christian women, noticeable in the darker walks, which seems to argue a crass and gross delight in his parading the unfortunates with a peculiar triumphant over-salacious and lubricious glee as illicit ministrants to his coarser pleasure and his brazen ostentation. There has seemed always in this a certain gloating with a deal of race hatred in it, though, of course, it is only a low-life phase of the question. Broadly speaking, and on the cultured plane of life, it has always seemed to the public that the Jews were particularly insistent—more so, perhaps, than any other people—upon conformity with their religious opinions precedent to entering on matrimonial relations. There are a lot of men and women, nominally Christians, who do not draw the line nearly so strictly as the Jews do. They are willing to marry and belong to any church or no church, but unless the *Chicago Tribune's* editorial writer is entirely mistaken, Jews and Jewesses in good standing in their church will not marry outside of it, and insist upon their potential husbands or wives applying for admission to the fold before they will even consider matrimony. In short, if there is a racio-religious prejudice against intermarriage of Jews and Christians, it is stronger on the part of the former than on that of the latter. Jewish prejudice has Christian prejudice beaten all hollow for stubborn intensity, at least on this subject. And Miss Pastor's little sketch, "Intermarriage," reproduced elsewhere in this issue of the MIRROR, illustrates our contention with much pertinency.

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A Canard.

THERE is absolutely no truth in the rumor around town of the engagement of "Ivan Whin," of the *Post-Dispatch*, and "Blue Jay," of the MIRROR. The marriage of the *Chronicle* and *Star* will occur first, according to report, although both parties "denige" it strenuously.

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The Stickless Stamp

By the toe-nail of Moses! Here's a heart-cry that should lift us all to our feet with a burst of "God wills it!" and set us marching to a new crusade. A letter writer to the *Sun* has emitted the cry. "Every one," he says, with a space between "every" and "one," thus lending a subtle emphasis to the first syllables of his outburst which it might not possess if the two words were jammed together, "knows that this is the greatest nation upon the face of the earth, and that

its men are the bravest and its women the fairest; that is to say, every one except the people of other nations, and they don't count. In the matter of efficient gum upon the back of postage stamps, however, we might take lessons from poor old Turkey, even." Whose heart does this not touch? Who has not in good faith put a stamp on a letter to his best girl and then been pained to learn that it fell off and the letter was not delivered, or was delivered upon the lady paying the short postage? How many hearts tending slowly to each other have been, by such untoward trifle, thrown into precipitate mutual revulsion! The letter that never came! Oh, the pathos of the old song. And the invitations that have been delayed by a stamp slipping off, to the smashing of great social circles, sets and sects. The stickless stamp may be a small thing, but it is a grave danger. It is as a germ of social disintegration. It must be checked at all hazards. Our stamps must stick. And the gum on the back thereof must be made sweeter to the taste of the licker thereof. Down with the stickless stamp! Away with the tasteless mucilage on their backs! Sweeten the sticky reverse of the stamp and put some ingredient in the gum that will prevent the stamp's sticking like grim death to the purse or to anything else but the letter.

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Cinch Silence.

WHAT a beautiful silence in the press of this city about the World's Fair award scandal, which is freely discussed by all the other papers of the country! As language is given man, in the saying of Tallyrand, to conceal thought, so newspapers in St. Louis are issued to conceal the news—in the interest of the Big Cinch.

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Mary Baker Eddy

MRS. CHADWICK is in jail, but Mary Baker Eddy is in a continuous state of halcyon financial efflorescence. There is only one thing to be said for Mary Baker Eddy, and that is, that her followers in all the large cities of the country are putting up churches which, for architectural beauty, surpass the structures for worship, of all the other denominations. This much her inspiration has done and is doing, whether we think her inspiration true or false. That she should have this æsthetic effect is the more remarkable because her great book, "Science and Health," is the greatest most unintelligible fake ever perpetrated upon a reading and thinking world, not excepting Madame Blavatsky's "Isis Unveiled." There are many points of resemblance between the Blavatsky and the Eddy, but the Eddy gets the money and her followers are a happy set, who are to be envied their "peace which passeth understanding," even though they be rapt hallucinants of an hieratic cult of ultra-emotional egoists.

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Again, the Cat.

'Tis said that the Cella-Adler-Tilles "skindicate," commonly known as the CAT, is preparing to get out of town, bag and baggage. And with Handsome Harry, the power behind the throne at the City Hall, too? No; no. It is too good to be true. The tape game in the big bucket-shop is even more profitable and larcenous than the racing game ever was. The bucket-shop is an embezzlement-foundry—the greatest in the country. And the "skindicate" is still in politics.

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The Rockefeller Gift

MANY preachers are still "chewing the rag" about Rockefeller's gift to the Congregationalists' foreign mission society. Rockefeller's lawyer, S. C. T. Dodd,

has defended the gift in a long and foolish screed which begs the question and pleads guilty to the charge that the money is tainted. But Dr. William J. Long of Stamford, Conn., appears to have hit the nail on the head when he wrote to the Congregational General Committee: "There is not a man among you whose salary and whose philanthropy are not helped by men of questionable moral integrity in the several congregations. Let a minister read the commandments from his pulpit and then announce henceforth only those who have kept the commandments will be allowed to contribute. Missions and philanthropy would cease then and there, and that is the only legitimate result of carrying out your protest and of sitting in judgment upon those who offer gifts." Let him among all the critics of Rockefeller who is without sin, cast the first stone. If the Rockefeller gift be interpretable at all in Christian charity, it is interpretable only as a symbol and sign of repentance, and shall the preachers cut off a man's chance of repentance? If Rockefeller "stole his money," how may he atone otherwise than by restitution, and how may he make restitution to the despoiled other than through gifts to the end of the spiritual illumination of the people? The Congregationalist ministers are eminently un-Christian. About all the value that lies in the furore over this Rockefeller gift is that it shows how, in a way, the people have taken up the suggestion of President Hadley of Yale that a cure for rapacity in the financial world is in social ostracism of the banditti of business. This mere discussion is demonstrative of popular opinion's condemnation of Rockefeller's methods and those of his kind. But money carries no taint. The money taken by Judas was devoted to charity, at last.

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Insurance Graft.

THERE'S little to choose between Hyde and the others in the Equitable scandal. It's only a "rattle" to get control of the cash reserve and use it in Wall Street. The policyholders have no voice in the matter. Too bad that, the concern being an inter-state affair, it cannot be taken up and ventilated by the National Government. The whole insurance game, as it is related to high finance, needs an airing. In this Age of Graft it is the greatest graft that has yet come to light. What's the matter with public ownership of insurance?

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Watch for This.

Now that the North American Company has wholly taken over the United Railways of St. Louis and most of the local controlling spirits in finance have stepped out of the enterprise, we may look for "doings." The local men with money and "drag" are thinking over a scheme for competition with the men to whom they have sold out. The competition will be either by subway or elevated roads. This is what is hidden away back in the heads of the Big Cinch. Watch out for the application for either an elevated or subway franchise.

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Ed Butler's Acquittal

THE last indictment against Ed Butler has been quashed. "The man Folk was chiefly after" escapes him clean. Butler was convicted at Columbia, Mo., of attempting to bribe a member of the Board of Health and sentenced to three years in the penitentiary. The Missouri Supreme Court reversed the decision and ordered the defendant released. Butler was later acquitted by a jury at Fulton, Mo., of bribing members of the House of Delegates in the lighting deal.

Charles F. Kelly, an important witness in this case, left the city and spent several months in Europe, and remained away until the statute of limitations would be applicable to the lighting case. In the information quashed Saturday, Butler was charged with sending Kelly to Europe to keep him from testifying. It is only stating a fact to say that nine people out of ten in St. Louis are glad of Butler's escape. He is an old man. He had done many nice and fine things in his career as boss. He was always game and his humor never deserted him even in the hour of danger and disgrace. He was as good as most of the people who howled against him, better, morally, than many of them. He was one big stand-patter in a swirling little world of "squealers." He stood by all the small fry who got into the boodle trouble and the expense of the boodle exposure and its incidentals to him cannot have been less than \$300,000 in cash, which he let go without a whimper. The multitude liked the fight he put up, and when things seemed going against him, the people in the streets were as sorry for him as some of the reformers in the swell clubs and churches were foolishly fearful that he'd tell the story of his life—and theirs. Butler, the town thought or felt, might be a bad man, but it was sure he was a big one, and, at the last, he only represented "the system" of predatory wealth. He took from the rich to give to the poor, in a fashion, but his chief virtue was that he never pretended to be other than he was, that he never betrayed his pals, even when they betrayed him,

and that he always fought in the open. The whole State clamored to see him in stripes, but those who knew him and had felt his kindness stood up for him to the end. He bore cumulative misfortunes with equanimity and was a compelling personality when at bay against all the hounds of the law and the press. Those who rail that he has "escaped unwhipped of justice" are ghouls. He has paid the price—paid it in full. But he never whined. Better men than he have been and are less loved than he, in St. Louis. But to be even a little loved, mostly by those who cannot help you, and by many who never saw your face, is better than to be so very, very good as some folks think they are.

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Folk's Vetoes

Gov. FOLK's eleven vetoes of last Saturday are each and all commendable. In the first place, they tend to keep down the increase of laws. In the second place, they are all common-sense vetoes. In the third place, they show the Governor as refusing direct opportunities to do demagogic corporation-baiting and playing to the galleries. In the fourth place they show us Mr. Folk as rather priding himself upon his knowledge of constitutional law. In the fifth place, the shower of vetoes remind us of Grover Cleveland's "I forbid" in the great pension-raid. The Governor has more than one string-boodle to his fiddle. He is showing the people that the governorship is a live office, and not a morgue.

St. Louis and the Rent Problem

By Emily Grant Hutchings

ST. LOUIS has the million bee in her bonnet. She wants to become a big city, a great big city, and as a result, the newspapers are full of silly letters from all classes and conditions of people, each airing his own notions as to the best means of inducing another four hundred thousand souls to come and make their earthly abode in our midst.

A very important requisite for this enormous growth is, of course—"to hear 'em tell it"—a free bridge. Yet there is another thing that is equally important—lower rent. The prices asked for flats in St. Louis are absolutely ridiculous when compared with the accommodations and prices in other large cities.

Rent is a very stupid, plebeian subject, far too trivial to be discussed by the members of the Big Cinch who are clamoring for this million. They are men of wealth, who own their splendid residences, and no doubt many of them amassed the greater part of their riches by means of these same exorbitant rentals. To the man on salary this subject is one of vital importance, one which touches his purse—touches it once a month, and touches it mighty hard!

There are hundreds of men who are not tied to any one locality, men who travel or whose business could be carried on about as well in one place as in another. These men are leaving St. Louis in droves, simply because they can get cheaper rent elsewhere. They would gladly give their families the advantages of city life, if these things could be secured without the expenditure of quite so much for the bare necessities of existence.

One man, who has to be in the city only twice a

week, performing his actual labor at home, secured transportation and removed his family to Decatur. He selected that town because he could get a five-room cottage, with ample grounds, for about half what he had to pay for a five-room flat. He expected to return to the city to live, as soon as rents dropped back to the normal figures. His family is still in Decatur and is likely to remain there for some time.

The city is rejoicing because there has been no decline in real estate prices, no dropping off in sales, no cessation of building since the close of the World's Fair. As a matter of fact, there is more building going on right now than there ever was before. Labor is so much in demand that bricklayers are making sixty cents an hour and stonemasons are demanding a dollar. The man who toils with his brain is getting the same little old seventy-five or a hundred dollars a month, probably half what a member of the Building Trades Council can make.

It is the clerk, the accountant, the stenographer, on whom the high rent falls as the greatest burden. He must have decent quarters for himself and his family. Both his tastes and his position in life demand that he be properly housed. And what is left of a month's salary when the butcher, the grocer and the landlord have been paid?

In Chicago there was an appalling slump in real estate after the World's Fair. The city was almost ten years recovering from it; but it proved to be a good thing in the long run. Before the Exposition of 1893, numerous hotels were built, not papier mache structures to be torn down in a few months, but buildings of brick and granite, future apartment

houses. They were divided off into small rooms by temporary partitions.

The owner, in most cases, made the cost of his building by renting the rooms to Exposition visitors. When the show was over, he tore out the partitions, finished up his flats according to the original plan, and set down to wait for tenants. He had his money in his pocket, and hence could afford to offer his apartments at such prices as would tempt North and West-siders to migrate to the vicinity of Jackson Park. So many of these former hotels were transformed into flats that the price of rent went down all over the city.

The fact gained currency throughout the country that in Chicago one could get elegant steam-heated apartments at the most astonishingly low figures. People who could live in Chicago about as well as anywhere else went to Chicago. In time rents began to creep up; but even now, when the city is more prosperous than ever before, they are away below St. Louis rates. This is not due to the fact that ground, labor or material is less expensive there than here. It is simply because the people will not stand for such rents as we pay. It is true that in both Chicago and New York, every inch of ground space is utilized. There are no two-story flats that look like private residences, and there are no grassy back yards. This is about the only advantage we can claim.

When Dr. Kurtz removed his family to St. Louis, about a year before the opening of the World's Fair, he secured a new flat, with furnace for which he had to supply the fuel, at exactly five dollars less a month than he had paid for an equally good steam-heated apartment in New York City. There he had janitor service, an abundant supply of hot water always on tap, gas range, shades and no end of other things furnished by the owner. Had he not drawn up a cast-iron lease, his rent would have been doubled during the Fair months.

A Chicago flat owner was in St. Louis last summer and spent one evening with friends who, because of advanced rent, had gone into the smallest quarters they could possibly occupy. It was a three-room flat with bath, and for a wonder the screens and gas fixtures were supplied. There was no furnace and no hall. The street door opened directly into the front room, and both this and the dining room had to do service as sleeping apartments, the three members of the family being done up in folding beds at night.

"What do you pay for a flat like this?" the caller asked.

"We had it for fifteen a month when we first came here. We have had a three dollar raise and the rent is likely to go higher. The flats like this, two blocks from here, are bringing \$26 right now," the tenant replied. The Chicago man almost collapsed.

"I have some four-room flats," he said as soon as he could catch his breath. "They have no furnace and no janitor; but there is a private hall for each and I supply the gas range and all that. I am glad to get \$12 a month for them."

A comparison of rent figures between St. Louis and almost any other city, say Philadelphia, Brooklyn or St. Paul, would suggest a reason why our million population mark will not be reached this year.

The south part of town, in the vicinity of Tower Grove Park, is the banner building section just now. Houses are going up everywhere. In spite of an already abundant supply of "For Rent" cards adorning unblinking front windows, the landlords still demand World's Fair rent. One man who, three years

ago, was content to get \$18 a month for his dark, inconvenient flat, squeezed \$25 out of his tenants from May to February. Then the long-suffering flatters moved and he has raised the rent two dollars. It is to be hoped that the flat will remain on the market until the owner comes to his senses.

There is one man in St. Louis, not naturally malicious or vindictive, who is gloating in secret over the misfortunes of his former landlord. He was not a professional builder, had had no previous experience with real estate; but he had a little money and he was anxious to make it yield 25 per cent, as other real estate owners were doing. He proceeded to buy a piece of ground and erect thereon a two-flat building as quickly as possible. It was alleged to be finished the first of July, although such trifles as painting, laying granitoid, putting up the front steps and connecting the gas, had not been attended to. The tenant had to move in, because he found it absolutely necessary to have a roof over his head, and there was no other to be had.

The rental was \$35 a month, and the owner not only agreed to reduce it in the fall but to put in a furnace and do everything that was necessary. The cellar was a mud hole. So was the back yard. The street in front of the house was not made, and there was not even a cinder path in lieu of a pavement.

The tenant and his wife worried along with painters and carpenters, cooked and illuminated the house with coal oil for a month, demanded further improvements for another month and finally gave up in despair and went to boarding. Board was pretty high the first of September, with the town full of strangers; but the final straw was the landlord's demand that

the tenant sign a year's lease at \$32.50 a month. Even then the granitoid had not been laid in the cellar and laundry and of course there was no furnace in.

The place stood vacant until the middle of March and now, practically complete, it is bringing \$25 a month, which is too much for a five-room flat in that neighborhood. The upper flat, which was let for the first time in August, has yielded only one month's rent, that which was demanded in advance, and it took the landlord three months to get the wily delinquents out.

The man who had paid his rent, and endured the misery of the lower flat for two months, chuckled with wicked glee when he was told of a conversation between the owner and a former Chicagoan who *did not* take the apartment. When she spoke of gas fixtures, range and shades, she was amazed to learn that in St. Louis the tenant must provide those things himself.

"Do you supply hot water all the time during the summer or only on certain days?" she asked.

"You may heat water whenever you want it," was the curt rejoinder.

In reply to another query, she received the astonishing information that there was no janitor, no heat, no nothing included in the rent of that flat, nothing but five bare rooms and a mud bottom cellar. The lady stepped to the back window.

"Why, there isn't any stable!" she exclaimed.

"Have you a horse and carriage?" the landlord asked.

"No," she returned witheringly, "but you certainly ought to provide one for the jackass who would pay you \$35 a month for this flat."

After Peace, What?

By George Wilson

SOMEbody has been arranging peace terms for Russia and Japan. Russia and Japan do not seem to have had anything to do with them. On the latter's behalf, they were marvelously generous. After paying nearly a hundred thousand men, not to speak of money, for Port Arthur, she is going to lease it from China; only hold a protectorate over Korea; abandon Manchuria to the erstwhile bandit, turn over the Harbin-Port Arthur railroad to "the Powers," etc. Before the eyes of the gaping Aryans she is going to be the *Alphonse* of nations, and say to the Aryan race, "after you, my dear Gaston!"

The pleasing picture was held up at the very moment that an innocent banking firm was holding up the bait of a Japanese loan in America. It was urged upon the prospective investors, in favor of the placing of the loan, that this was to be the last loan Japan will propose—peace being as good as made.

Suppose the peace proposals were "only a fairy tale" to facilitate and further the negotiation of the loan!

Suppose that, after a victorious peace, we remind the victor, Japan, of our guarantee of Korea's independence, and she informs us she is there to stay; will the administration crawl out by saying the Dillingham arrangement was only against Russia? Suppose Japan says she has taken Port Arthur and intends to keep it, and adjacent Chinese territory; what will Mr. Hay do about his determination to preserve

the integrity of China? Baron Takahashi, in London, says China is waking up, and a *rapprochement* between Japan and China is going on. We know that the American-trained Chinese converts are full of the idea of imitating and co-operating with Japan.

A statesman is one who sees beforehand what is going to happen. Japan and China can put twenty-five million soldiers in the field as easily as we can mobilize two million. The Yellows tell us that there is no Yellow Peril; if there were, would they acknowledge it, while we could, by aiding Russia, defeat Japan? If the Yellow cyclone were to break on us now our Philippine skysail and Alaskan jib would be swept quickly away. Our Pacific coast cities are all but naked, and ever-perfidious England, while talking friendship to us, has deepened canals until in ten days she could, as Japan's ally, put a fleet on the lakes that could destroy every city on them. Is Japan a pet kitten? Or is she what she calls herself—a dragon? It is just possible that we may find that we have, of our precipitate pro-Japanese sympathy, created a *Frankenstein*. The Californians, the only Americans who know the Japanese, and who hate them worse than they do the Chinese, are demanding their exclusion. Will Japan, as the dominant power of the Pacific, quietly submit to that?

In the destiny of nations I pin my faith to ethnology. Le Fevre, the Frenchman, and Ratzel, the German, than whom there are no higher authorities, say the Japanese are a compound of negritic Polynesian,

head-hunting savages from Borneo and Malay pirates, grafted on the Tartars. Their respect for woman is at zero. The real Russians are the oldest and purest stock of the white race. And they are the only other people in the world who treat women just as the Americans do. And in a long study of ethnology I have settled on the treatment of women by the men as the supreme ethnic test. What can there be in common between the Japanese and ourselves for the basis of an enduring friendship?

Do we wish the friendship of a nation whose husbands rent out their wives, whose fathers and mothers formally apprentice out their daughters to a life of degradation and live on their hire, and whose young men will marry such daughters as willingly as if virgins?

As for trade competition in her newly-gained territory, Japan may well offer us equal chances with herself—if we can compete with her low scale of wages.

Ballade of Love

By Ernest McGaffey

FOR that the sons of men since Lilith's day
Have followed women's wiles and meshes
spread,
And so, like sheep, have wandered far astray,
By Love beguiled, by burning passion led;
So we, remembering how Ulysses fled
Because of sirens singing in sweet strain,
Remembering Helen's flight and Trojan slain,
Would, if we dared, her fateful power disown;
She who is ruler, over soul and brain—
Love, with her lips of fire and heart of stone.

Each race hath learned this temptress to obey,
Who leads the strongest with a single thread;
Her narrow, and her steep and cruel way
The ghostly wraiths of vanished lovers tread;
Could Abelard, now numbered with the dead,
Have 'scaped the spell of Heloise' soft reign
He had not long in cloistered silence lain,
To brood on haunting memories alone;
Captive and bondman of her iron chain—
Love, with her lips of fire and heart of stone.

What fibre is there in our mortal clay,
What nameless craving in our natures bred,
That she should like a Goddess hold her sway?
Aye! even when the light of life hath fled;
Love's roses! by their thorns have we not bled!
Have we not known the dreaming and the pain!
Did Antony not lose a world in vain?
Ah! for the hopes like Autumn leaves far strown;
And shall we not of this dire one complain—
Love, with her lips of fire and heart of stone?

ENVOY.

Prince! she hath tears, and laughter, and disdain;
All moods are hers, howe'er the seasons wane:
Time falters; yet she waits upon her throne:
With sometimes on her brow the brand of Cain—
Love, with her lips of fire and heart of stone.

—From *Easter Life*.

Major Warner and the River

By Charles B. Oldham

MISSOURI'S new United States Senator, Major Wm. Warner, has repeated on several public occasions lately, that while he is a Republican in politics, he will consider his paramount duty in Congress to be in the interests of the State he represents. If he carries out this policy he will differ materially from Missouri representatives in Congress during the last twenty years or more. It means that in place of scheming to succeed himself, he will seek to accomplish something that will be of lasting benefit to Missouri. Of late years the Missouri delegation in Congress, and the delegations from tributary States to the Missouri river, have permitted that vast waterway to be practically abandoned by the government as a navigable stream. It is said that Major Warner has in view plans for the ultimate restoration of the river to navigable uses, although he has not made any public announcement of the kind. When a member of the lower House of Congress, some years ago, he was quite active in seeking government aid for the improvement of the river.

In these days of trusts and consolidations of great transportation interests, the wisdom of maintaining such navigable streams as were once open and exceedingly serviceable, would not seem to require any proof. It is just as true that transportation by water is much cheaper than transportation by rail as it is that the latter is faster than the former.

At one time 125 large steamboats plied regularly between St. Louis and St. Joseph. The last through boat disappeared about the time the last Indian left Wyandotte, a suburb of Kansas City. Undoubtedly the building of railroads contributed largely to the disappearance of steamboats, but other reasons also exist. The Missouri river, once navigable for 2,500 miles, has been so long abandoned by the government that it hardly deserves now the designation of a navigable stream. For months each year it is but a broad succession of sandbars, narrow channels, shallows and pools. The small sums that Congress doles out for "improvement" are largely manipulated for the protection of corporation bridges and railroad tracks. A dozen years ago Senator Cockrell and the late Congressman Bland sought to inaugurate a system of improving the river from the mouth up, in reaches of fifty miles. The scheme failed in the end, as the appropriation was scattered from the mouth of the river to Fort Benton. Since then members of Congress, whose districts touch the river, have contented themselves with occasionally securing a small sum to protect some bridge or to put in an embankment to prevent some crossroads town from tumbling into the river during the "June Rise."

It has many times been said that if the Missouri river drained as much territory in the East as it does in the West and Northwest, the bed of the stream would long ago have been paved for its navigable length and the vast body of water confined within serviceable channels. This statement is based upon the theory that Eastern representatives in Congress are alert to the interests of their own States and do not put in all of their time trying to push through small schemes calculated to perpetuate themselves in office. They look after the loaves and fishes and never fail to secure the lion's share. During all the long years Senators Vest and Cockrell represented this State in the United States Senate, from three to five million acres of land in Southeast Missouri remained unclaim-

ed from the swamps when the dredging of two small rivers would have accomplished the reclamation, according to the testimony of engineers. And this is supposed to be the most productive land in Missouri.

The Osage river, once navigable for 400 miles, was practically abandoned years ago, save some minor improvements near the mouth. This stream, one of the most beautiful in the country, and totally unlike the Missouri, has long been known as the Hudson of the West. It passes through one of the great mineral belts of the State, but undeveloped for lack of transportation facilities. A few little craft ply for seventy-five or eighty miles on the Osage a part of each year. Once occasional Mississippi river steamers passed up and down for 300 miles.

The abandonment of these streams by the government is a fair sample of how many small or selfish men the west and the northwest have been sending to Washington for the last twenty-five years from the territory affected. They put in much of their time

looking after little matters, such as post offices, pensions and affairs that the proper departments should handle, and never get together to see what could be accomplished for their territory in a concentrated effort.

There has been room for a big man from Missouri in the Congress of the United States for a long time. Senator Vest, of course, was a big man as an orator, but his efforts were confined almost entirely in this direction, and as a consequence, he was about as valuable to one Southern State as to another. It is stated in the press that Senator Stone will pay a visit to the Philippine Islands shortly. No doubt he will return with entire new plans and specifications for the eternal happiness of the people of these new acquisitions, incidentally calculated to cause Missourians to remember that he is on earth and would like to succeed himself in the United States Senate. This sort of thing has been the trouble with so many representatives from Missouri and other States west of the Mississippi river.

It would be a great surprise if Major Warner should set a different pace by actually doing, or trying to do, something that would benefit the entire State, or even a goodly portion of it.

This Year's Big Auto Boom

New York, April 9th, 1905.

AN extraordinary activity in automobile buying ever since the first of the year has been witnessed and now it is becoming pretty well accepted generally, even by those who at first were sceptical, that the automobile boom is here. Along in last summer Henry P. Norman, M. P., who is an accepted prophet on automobile subjects, said that the boom would arrive when good cars of about 10 horse-power were being made at a price of \$1,000 or less, and he further predicted that the year 1905 would see the beginning of the boom. The developments of the year are proving Mr. Norman a great prophet. The cars he described are being made in great quantities and they are being sold rapidly to that middle class of persons with moderate incomes, upon whose conversion to the motor car the boom of the sport depends.

There are several interesting phases to the activity noted which suggest questions not easily answered. The cars of moderate horse-power and price are being sold to the class of persons who were expected to buy them, but not for the purpose for which it was prophesied they would want them. The little runabouts and the middle-weight cars with tonneaus are not being bought to any great extent by commuters to use for traveling to and from business, as was predicted. A good many are being sold to persons who live in the suburbs or at some distance from the city, but while a few use them for station wagons, the majority are being sold for touring purposes. The time when the medium priced automobile shall be a rival of the trolley car in developing suburban precincts may come before long, but it has not arrived on the crest of the boom. In more than 90 per cent of cases the first purchase of an automobile is made because it is wanted for pleasure purposes only, and not for its utility.

Touring is to be the automobile fad of 1905. It seems as if every one, no matter what sort of a motor car he may be getting, has his mind set on outings of several days' duration, during which he can bowl along the rural roads, visit new places and find recreation in wandering through the open country, with

its fresh air and piquant scenery. At the clubs, the automobile stores and upon experienced automobilists the demand for maps, routes and information about tours is large and constant.

This is a wholesome sign that promises prosperity for the industry and much joy to the owners of automobiles. The great superiority of the motor car over the horse for touring purposes, in that it does not tire and may be driven hard all day and yet be able to respond to a demand for more speed toward nightfall, is reason enough for there to be a considerable element of permanency in the touring propensity. Yet the more far-seeing of the automobile world perceive also in the present touring craze the elements of a fad that will be but temporary. It is enthusiasm of first experience and a new possession that is leading such great numbers to get motor cars for touring purposes, and this enthusiasm will cool and the aspect change when it is realized what great demands upon time and money the touring craze involves.

In this fad element of the touring ambition is recognized by some a false note in the present demand for automobiles. It was predicted by more than one well informed person last fall that the building of big, high powered, high priced touring cars was going to be overdone in 1905, and figures of past sales were quoted to show that the demand for such cars was comparatively small. This prediction has been quite heavily discounted by the boom, which has made the total demand much larger than was expected. The big touring cars are selling all right, not so rapidly as the smaller machines, but yet so fast that the factories cannot keep pace with the demand during these spring months. There seems no likelihood of there being any overproduction or drop in price this year or next, yet the ones who predicted that touring cars would be overproduced stick to their text, and what they say in explanation is of peculiar interest at this rushing, enthusiastic season, for it contains a thought worth being considered by buyers and dealers alike.

It is argued that in the first flush of enthusiasm and inexperience, many buyers are going beyond

themselves—beyond their needs and what their means justify. The characteristic of the American middle classes wanting the best and as good as any millionaire has, is tending, so 'tis urged, toward the purchase of touring cars by many who will learn later that a smaller machine is more suited to their needs and circumstances. The present year is expected to furnish a great education for many regarding the cost of maintenance of automobiles, and another year to find the general buying public much more keen on the subject of gasoline consumption, tire durability and repair costs.

It seems not yet to be generally known and appreciated by the public how much more it costs to keep the larger cars than it does to keep the smaller ones. According to those in the trade, who have practical knowledge, the cost of keeping motor cars is about in direct proportion to the size of their engines—that is, a car having an engine of two cylinders costs about twice as much for fuel, oil, tires and repairs as one having an engine of only one cylinder, while a four cylinder car costs four times as much as a single cylinder car.

The over-reaching being done by buyers is not of alarming proportions, however, for as yet the buying has not extended very far among that class which has a fixed income of such a size as makes it necessary to keep track of every dollar. For this reason, while there may be, and probably are a number of persons now buying touring cars who will later wish they had bought a smaller one, the number is not great enough to throw any considerable quantity of second-hand goods on the market and cause a disturbance of trade. The tide of demand is far too strong and too nearly equal to the producing resources for that.

The great amount of talk about touring cars and the fact that the big machines are the ones that are most conspicuous at the shows and at racetracks, is conducive to a false impression concerning the proportions of big and little cars sold. The new models of the makers for a couple of years have been touring cars, because this style of vehicle is comparatively new in this country, but the big outputs are of little cars.

From a couple of organizations of automobile manufacturers some very nearly exact figures were obtained recently, which are of particular interest because they are at variance with the popular idea. It is estimated that the total number of cars now in use in the United States is about 53,000 and that their cost was about \$68,900,000 or close to seventy millions of dollars. Of these cars three manufacturers, who are all essentially producers of runabouts, made about half the total number.

Concerning the proportions sold of the cars of different prices the following estimate, which is based upon exact statistics, showing what the sales were in 1904, are very interesting and will help to form an idea of what is going on this year:

Sales of cars costing from \$500 to \$1,000, 48½ per cent of the total.

Cars costing from \$1,000 to \$1,500, 22½ per cent.

Cars costing from \$1,500 to \$2,500, 11 per cent.

Cars costing over \$2,500, 15 per cent.

It is estimated by the compilers of these figures that in 1905 the sales of the cars costing less than \$1,000 will be a little more than 50 per cent of the total, while those in the second class will be about the same, those in the third class will be about 14 per cent and those in the fourth class will be only about 10 per cent. Still, those who want to be right in it will have "a big fellow," a Pope-Toledo levathan of vivid hue, or something of the sort that will make a front.

SPARKER.

Grieve Not, Ladies

By Anna Hempstead Branch

O H grieve not, Ladies, if at night
You wake to feel your beauty going;
It was a web of frail delight,
Inconstant as an April snowing.

In other eyes, in other lands,
In deep fair pools new beauty lingers;
But like spent water in your hands
It runs from your reluctant fingers.

You shall not keep the singing lark
That owes to earlier skies its duty.
Weep not to hear along the dark
The sound of your departing beauty.

The fine and anguished ear of night
Is tuned to hear the smallest sorrow;
Oh, wait until the morning light!
It may not seem so gone to-morrow.

But honey-pale and rosy-red!
Brief lights that made a little shining!
Beautiful looks about us shed—
They leave us to the old repining.

Think not the watchful, dim despair
Has come to you the first, sweet-hearted!
For oh, the gold in Helen's hair!
And how she cried when that departed!

Perhaps that one that took the most,
The swiftest borrower, wildest spender,
May count, as we would not, the cost—
And grow more true to us and tender.

Happy are we if in his eyes
We see no shadow of forgetting.
Nay—if our star sinks in those skies
We shall not wholly see its setting.

Then let us laugh as do the brooks,
That such immortal youth is ours,
It memory keeps for them our looks
As fresh as are the springtime flowers.

So grieve not, Ladies, if at night
You wake to feel the cold December;
Rather recall the early light,
And in your loved one's arms, remember.

—April Atlantic.

Blue Jay's Chatter

My Dearest Jenny, surnamed Wren:

FOR Heaven's sake an' you love me, Jane, do be more careful what you write from that awful Paris, which is no place for little girls—or boys either. Father got hold of your last letter and read it clean through to the signature, the other night after dinner. Of course, I was a driveling idjit to leave it on the library table, but your letters are kind of family property and everybody, even the boys, takes a look at them. So when Father marched straight into the den where Jack and I were eating chocolates and having a nice time, with blood in his left eye and thunder in his right one—I mean Father, of course—and snorting that way he always does when he gets mad, I knew something was coming. Something was going, too, for Jack took one look at the signs of parental ire and slid gracefully into the conservatory, where I found him thirty minutes later, chewing a rubber plant. Well, Pop was furious—said your letter was simply indecent and he would permit no more correspondence with you—for me, of course—said he had no idea that young girls nowadays discussed such problems as "race suicide," and that your perfectly delicious story about that naughty little Marquise de What's-Her-Name shocked him clean down to his patent leathers. My! but he was hopping! So you better cut off, Jane, and write along the lines of fashion for a while, till this storm blows over. Spiel about your art and that kind of duff, and whenever you get any thriller like that Marquise affair, just write it on thin paper and make a separate enclosure of it; then I'll read, mark, inwardly digest and outwardly tear up.

But I tell you what, Jane, there's surely "nothin' doin'" along the Rooseveltian lines that we hear so much about, so far as Society is concerned, this Spring—and if the West End population is to be increased, its new members will have to move down

from Chicago or come over from Bloomington, Illinois.

Five years ago babies were quite fashionable, but they're much on the wane right now, and their stock way down. I counted up dozens of our set, Jane, whose Lenox or Hortense or boulevard houses haven't even a suspicion of a nursery, and no room to build a wing, either, for that purpose. Sad, but true! Wonder why the Harry Wallaces, the Manny Hodgmans, the Holliday Wears, the George Markhams, the John Davises, the George Tiffanys, the Frank Sowards, the Sam Davises, the Joe Lewises, the Oscar Vieths, the George Steedmans, the Joe Wears, the Dave Bixbys, the Gouverneur Calhouns (she was Felicia Judson, you remember), the Ray Carters, the Byron Babbitts, the Guildford Duncans, the Perry Francises, the Bissell Wares and the Stanley Stoners don't "begin to take notice" along this line.

✧

Some of the spring widowers—hay and grass—are beginning to sit up and open one eye, my dear. I saw Roger Scudder dining at the Southern a few nights ago with a very neat-looking maid—and she wasn't one of his sisters either, but rather dark in type with a trim-fitting black costume and one of those thin flimsy-looking white shirt waists that are covered with hand-embroidery and cost about a million dollars each—you know the kind that set us girls crazy when fathers refuse to enlarge our allowance at this time of the year. I've been broke for a good six weeks, now, Jane, and am even reduced to trimming up that big flat black hat I wore last summer. I've put a whopping bunch of roses on one side, hunted the town over till I found a bunch that were almost dead ringers for some that Mrs. Dr. Shoemaker has on her spring hat—hers are glorious—you can really smell them a block away—they're American beauties. But I don't like the rest of Mrs. S.'s hat—it's that new shape with

a high crown which my milliner calls a polo hat, because nobody would ever play polo in it, I suppose, and is entirely too tall for her five-feet eleven inches. The roses redeem this hat, however. They cover the entire side, and are a fine contrast to the rough, glossy black straw. Mrs. Shoemaker sports a new black and white checked suit with the hat, and looks out of sight. The doctor is terribly fond of her. They almost hold hands in public, did you know it? She was a Miss Maxon and worth scads of money, and he only a struggling young oculist—isn't that romantic, Jane?—when they met. But some kind fate made him hang out his shingle right across from the old Maxon house down on Washington avenue, which has since been sold, and it wasn't many moons before the handsome Nellie Maxon had to consult the handsome young oculist concerning a slight astigmatism, or something like that—and so they fell in love and were married like ordinary people and are living very happily ever afterwards. Mrs. S. has more money than ever now, for after her father's death a year or so ago, the estate was divided, and it was a large one, with only one or two children. But I'm straying from the news about Roger Scudder—if there is any news to tell—but I do hope he's going to marry some nice girl and be a little joyful for the rest of his life. Marie Scudder, his divorced wife—now Mrs. Boyce—led him a dog's existence and many a better man than he would have taken to drink long ago—all he did was to get more and more gray into his hair, but I was glad to notice the other night that he looked quite contented and interested in things again.

❖

Young Amadee Reyburn, who married poor little Julia Lee, is another widower going about some with girls—saw him in a cafe, too, with a snappy, black-eyed beauty—we must eat and that is a fact, Jane—and most of us do not like to eat alone.

❖

Oh, that reminds me—be prepared for the thrill of your life—Jane. Who do you suppose is on the point of getting engaged? Come to think of it, I'll make you guess, and it oughtn't to be hard work either, for the girl is one of your best pals—awfully pretty, came out two years ago in your crowd—very sensible and, though she goes everywhere, isn't raving crazy about society, which commends her to the man in question, I guess. She belongs to a rich, though rather retired family, and has one brother who has married into a very prominent and influential inner circle of the West End—is a creamy brunette and wears glowing colors, a good deal of red—have you guessed her? Well, the man is a widower only two years old—I mean he's been lonesome that long—and is lots older than she, with not much looks to mention, though I understand that he means well—you know that kind, Jane—is rather jolly and is trying horribly to be juvenile enough to get into the girl's class—he's so deep in love, though, that he only succeeds in making the usual idiot of himself—saw him leaning against the wall the other night at a concert, gazing at the girl who was about four feet away, and fairly eating her up with his eyes, covered though the latter were with glasses, and the fearful bowed kind at that, and not those nice intellectual nose "specks." Everybody is guying the girl and that alone is sufficient to make her marry him. She'll come back from Wequetonsing, where her family have the biggest cottage on the lake, about September and flourish a monster diamond on her left third finger or I'm a kippered herring.

❖

Well, dear Leila Chopin and her Freddie Hatters-

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BOYS' SECTION. SECOND FLOOR.

MILLS & AVERILL

Broadway and Pine.

ley were married last week. They didn't wait for Lent to be over, but as Leila is in deep mourning, had the wedding one fine morning and just as quiet as it could be done. None of us were invited as it was so small, only her chums "Jo" Salorgne, "Vi" Benoist, and, of course, the girls her brothers are engaged or attentive to—Fanny Gleeson and that tall, pretty blonde, Frances Hinckley. I can't remember which Chopin she thinks of constantly—the boys are so many and I might say so eminently desirable. But there is no engagement between the charming Fannie and the *Chronicle* artist, Oscar. "Vi" told me Leila never looked so beautiful. She wore a lace gown and white veil, of course, but put on her black garments when they started off for the South. Great snap, that, for you see nobody on the trains and at the hotels will ever suspect she's a bride. She made every stitch of her lingerie herself, "Vi" said, and all of it was hand-embroidered. Fred Hattersley has got a prize in Leila and that is the gospel truth and, my stars! didn't she keep him guessing, though! I don't know a girl in our old crowd who had as many beaux as Leila and they were all the real, genuine article, too, and none of your three-cent "gem'men frens." But now "She's married. Farewell, the Divvil," as Johnny Slavin would say.

❖

I suspect "Vi's" engagement to that jolly Meyer boy will be annouced soon; don't know why they are keeping it dark since most of their friends either know or suspect, and I'd be willing to bet large money that Jo and Harry Scullin are talking over plans for a Cabanne cottage some time next fall—they are togeth-

er all the time. "Jo" and "Vi" are nearly the prettiest young girls in St. Louis, Jane, and that's saying a good deal. "Jo" is as dark as night and "Vi" so fair. They simply must know how well each sets the other off.

❖

Before it slips my mind, Jenny Wren, do you ever see or hear anything of Mrs. W. Victor Jones over there in your gay Paree? You know she was "Theo." Richards, a sister of Eben Richards, who married Henry Clay Pierce's daughter, Pearl. Well, Mrs. Jones had a rattling good time in society for several years, and then she went abroad and nobody has ever heard what happened, if anything did happen. Mr. Jones has been in town at one of the hotels living very quietly. They have one daughter and maybe Mrs. J. is educating her abroad or something like that, but it's rough on Jones, isn't it, to get his consolation out of the hotel lobbies and the foreign mails. But after all, that's none of my business, Jane, and the fact that short skirts are "in" interests me much more. When I say short, I mean shorter than any you ever saw before, and far and away shorter than any Frenchwoman would think of wearing, I'll bet. They look all right, too, if your underpinning is adapted. Beth Donaldson hove in sight one warm day last week in a white cloth skirt made way above her ankles, and as she is small and trim, with nice feet and wears good-looking low shoes, she was all right. Grace Semple's new white mohair is rather sudden as to length, and Jean Wright and Mabel Holmes Hodgman can't possibly beat those white linen skirts they wore last summer up at the Field Club. They were—well, short is

THE MIRROR

not the word. But I tell you Jane, this extreme is a heap sight better than the trails we used to drag round. Actually nobody wears a tailed gown any more. Met those cute little Handlan girls—the younger ones, Vella and Katherine—in the Washington Hotel where they live, and they told me they were having every train cut off—sounds cruel, doesn't it—but those girls used to be death on trains—kind of switched them round to seem really grown-up, I believe.

❖

Apropos of avoirdupois, Jenny, concerning which I gabbled in my last, you should see Mrs. "Sel" Edgar these days. Her face is like a full moon. Evidently prosperity agrees with Kate. You know she is violently rich now, and fairly wallows in her wealth. Whenever you see a carriage, drawn by a spanking pair, dash up to Vandervoort's or Jacquards with an extra flourish you may be sure that Kate Edgar is inside of it. Though really, since "sister Ruby" has taken up her abode in New York Kate makes numerous trips East, and does most of her shopping on Fifth avenue. Kate is a mighty nice girl, and showed lots of pluck during the trying time she had with that wretch Roach—he was a "bug," if ever I knew one—and gave music lessons and plied her needle to make ends meet. I am sure nobody begrudges her her money, and her intense enjoyment of it. Those Shotwell girls always managed to get on somehow. Ruby is now *Madame* Shotwell-Piper, if you please, lives in New York with Sam and the babies, and has become a songstress of renown. Some big manager has taken her in hand, and she sings at all the music festivals, does stunts at the Waldorf, and what not. Ruby's a pretty woman, and knows how to dress, which is more than can be said for some of her sister singers.

❖

That Little baby has had a christening—Margery Alden, she is, and a prettier, healthier specimen of babyhood you never saw. Alden Little is about the proudest, happiest father in town, and motherhood is wonderfully becoming to Blanche. Grandma Little looks ridiculously young, and, for the nervous wreck that she insists she is, looks ridiculously well. Wm. C. bears his newly acquired domestic honors as well as business success—he has been made President of the Stock Exchange, or some such affair—with that imperturbable equanimity so characteristic of him.

❖

You know, Jenny dear, all we Morning Choralites are "dippy" about Mr. Ernst now—I say "all," though I do believe one or two of the girls have some regrets about Mr. Kroeger. He, Mr. Ernst, I mean, says horrible things, almost swears at us when he gets angry, but he is so funny, and then, too, he does make us sing, at least we think so. Mrs. Ives wears the mantle of Mrs. Blair now, Jenny, and does it with so much grace and sweetness that we all simply dote on her. She is true blue, is Margaret Ives, just as good and sincere as she can be, and has carried on Mrs. Blair's work. I am sure that must make the dear absent one happy, if she hears of it.

❖

I guess that Carpenter smash is for sure, Jane dear. I hear that "Click's" wife was terribly disappointed in him. Thought he was of more importance, socially, financially, intellectually, and in every way. Of course "Click" did put it on in great shape when he was courting her, but it seems to me she could have gotten "on" before she married him. You recall that "Click" was always of the "heavy"

type—heavy swell, heavy intellect, heavy potationer—and we who knew used to smile, you remember, when we saw that red polo-cart rolling pretentiously out Lindell boulevard, drawn by that over-worked chestnut cob which trotted sideways—as you used to say, "in imitation of 'Click's' own after-dark action"—with "that cold Chicago girl" (as you dubbed her) sitting bolt upright, and immensely impressed, beside "Click," who affected the weary air of driving whatever hitch his "man" happened to send round, instead of sporting—as he was—the last hoof, wheel and buckle in his "stables."

❖

That good-looking Jim Stanley, who sings with the Hot Time Minstrels, got married on Tuesday to Miss Eleanor Starke, a pianiste; and Isabel Belcher and Fred Semple have at last set their wedding date for June; and the George Luddington Youngs—she was Maud Niedringhaus—are back from their Honolulu honeymoon; and Mabel Wood is going to Europe this summer chaperoned by Mrs. Frank O'Fallon; and Mrs. Dave Francis is still sick abed with her broken leg; and the Jordan Lamberts have sold their Vandeventer house to the Peyton Carrs—Mrs. Carr is Jessie Kehlor Walsh's twin sister, you know. By the way, did you ever hear the words of that famous telegram which Mrs. Julius Walsh sent to Chicago to Dickson and Jessie at the time they eloped? Ask her about it some time when you come home—and the Ted Walkers are hustling into their country house and buying old colonial furniture by the carload; and that will have to end this screed for to-day, Jane, dear. With love to you.

BLUE JAY.

Intermarriage

By Rose Harriet Pastor.

(Copyright, 1905, by New York Evening Post Co.)

RACHEL jumped up from the table, danced around to where her husband sat, and, standing before him in mock humbleness, pleaded: "Please, sir! Have pity and help a poor, tired housewife."

"What, the dishes? Our joint job, of course," exclaimed Jack Lawrence; "I wouldn't miss the dishes for the world." He sprang up with a pretence of enthusiasm which sent them both into a gale of laughter, after which Rachel tied a kitchen apron around her husband's waist. "I haven't time to rub spots off your clothes every day," she insisted.

"Where do you keep the dish towels?"

"Haven't you found that out, after two years of housekeeping?" she scolded laughingly. "Didn't you boast before we were married that you knew all about housekeeping? If you understood Yiddish I could quote you a proverb."

"Quote it in English," came Jack's voice from the adjoining room, where he was exploring the linen closet.

"Seven years under his mother-in-law's roof and he didn't know that the cat had no tail," translated Rachel, giving a Yiddish figure of speech for an unobservant man.

Jack came in with the dish towels and they set to work. "How about the Scharfsteins, little peacemaker?" he asked, reminded by the sound of a window violently thrown open, of their unhappy next-floor neighbors. "Have you succeeded in getting them more reconciled to each other?"

Rachel was about to make reply, when, as if in an-

swer to his question, there came from the window below the sound of a man's angry voice.

The evening was warm and windows had been opened everywhere out on the narrow air shaft. This shaft, like most air shafts between one tenement and another on the lower East Side, lacked air. Street noises seldom penetrated to it, but on hot days, when windows were open, the least sound in the homes on either side was audible. The mother kissing her baby or singing it to sleep, together with the sound of the rocking cradle; a slap on the cheek, a song, a sob; the clattering of dishes or the falling of a chair; the father or thirteen-year-old son chanting an old Hebrew prayer; curses of women, cries of children, or their laughter—all these may be distinctly heard at an open air-shaft window.

"Russian!" cried Scharfstein; "how many times did I tell thee that I don't want thy dirty Russian *kugel!*" (pudding).

"Galician!" cried a wounded woman's voice; "why didst thou not marry a Galician if thou dost not like Russian cookery?"

"I am sorry I didn't," hissed the man. "Every Galician who marries a Russian is stark mad."

"Is that so! Thou, Galician, thou! Thou meanest the contrary; every Russian who marries a Galician is mad," came from the woman in bitter tones.

"Aye, the Galician who marries a Russian is even more mad than the Jew who marries a Christian."

"And I still hold to my own. I say that it's all right if they like the same things, speak the same language, believe in the same God, and know it. That's what Mrs. Lawrence says, and I believe her. Did ever a better Jewish daughter marry a good Christian and peaceable? Why, they live like two doves. What else can it be but a taste for the same *kugel* and—"

"Oi, such cleverness! a veritable wit, my wife!" (this with a marked sneer). "And because the *mes-humadeste* (feminine for proselyte), has smiled to thee a few times and deigned to pass thy threshold, thou defendest her. Tell me, what good, pious Jewess on the whole block, except thyself and a few more mad ones like thee, would dream of defending that outcast for marrying a Christian? Does not every good Jew spit at very mention of her name?"

"A yesterday's day! Persuade thyself not into the belief of such a grandmother's tale. The younger generation in this blessed America are no longer led by the nose; old people's preachments go into one ear and out through the other and crawl not even into their left earlock. Oi! Show me one young Jew or Jewess who thinks Mrs. Lawrence's marriage with a Christian a sin or a shame, and many of them are even as glad as if a rabbi's daughter had married a rabbi's son. It is only our old folks who sit in the synagogue all day and think that the world is just where it was when the Talmud was written who take it so to heart.

"Our old Jews—may the 'evil eye' have no power to harm them!" (This last cynically). "Our pious Jews call her 'outcast' and 'apostate.' Well, if she is not a good Jewess she is a good woman, for she hasn't said anything but the kindest things of those who curse her and wish her ill."

"Oi, Oi, Oi! Listen, listen to that long speech! I didn't know my wife had so much eloquence!" (The husband's tone was intentionally ironic, but strongly tinged with unconscious admiration). "Next election I'll send thee out to make wagon speeches for—oh, I suppose thou'lt wish to speak for the Socialists!"

"Nu, doth it not suit thee?"

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and St. Charles Street.

"Oh, well enough! But who has been filling thy head with such hollow nonsense? Pray, has she been coming here with her sweet tongue; telling thee stories? Alas, and woe to her years! Who is going to believe she is a good woman?"

"Every one who knows her" (defiantly). "Yes, she has been telling me stories! If I were to pay heed to only one-half of what she advised me, I'd live happily with thee. But thou dost but enter the house and open thy mouth and I cannot; thou art such a Galician!"

"Proselyte thou! Thou art no better than this woman. I wonder much that thou did'st not marry a *goi*" (Gentile).

"I have done worse. I have married a Galician," was the cool, cutting reply.

"Russian, Russian! Take heed what thou sayest. Bring me not beyond all control!"

"Here they are, living right over us. Dost thou ever hear a loud word from them—a loud footfall? And we are forever like two cats in a bag. But how can a Russian and a Galician agree?"

"So! They are very quiet. These Americans learn to go through the 'two cats in a bag' performance very silently. Why, for all thou knowest, they may be at knives' ends every day. Louis, the boss's son, who is Americanized enough and reads the newspapers every day, happened to talk on this very subject to me in the shop yesterday. Nobody ever knows that anything is wrong in an American household until they go to the divorce courts!"

"Galician! Thou wilt never live to be as good as the worst American. Listen, wilt thou, to this Galician talk. And only three years in this country! . . .

And the whole Jewish world blessed us when we came from the synagogue, and wished us *mazel-tov* (good luck), and my God-blessed neighbors upstairs were cast off by them. Is it not a perverse world?"

. . . The words that came through the airshaft dwindled to a murmur.

"Hand over the silver, please dear," said Rachel Lawrence, glancing up at her husband.

"Now the knives and forks," she added, rattling the silver in an unusually lively manner, for she saw that he was still listening.

"I thought they were quarreling again," he remarked, picking up the forks. "I don't follow them very

well, but I caught a few words. I heard her say *mazel-tov*, good luck, so I guess it's all right. Do you think I will ever learn Yiddish, Rachel?"

To herself Rachel vowed: "Not if I can help it," but she only said: "Of course. It is not so different from German, after you become used to it."

"*Nee!*" ("Well," in the Galician Yiddish dialect). "I told thee what we can do! There are the courts!" came in suppressed angry tones from the Scharfstein window.

"*Nee!*" (mockingly). "*Nee!* Can'st thou not say *Nu?*" ("Well!" in the Russian Yiddish dialect.) "*Nee, Vooss kim!*" (Well, what come.) "Such a language! can'st thou not say: *Nu, vos, koom!* I am ashamed to go out among my friends with thee; they always laugh at the manner in which thou pronouncest thy words.

"I wish thy friends beneath the sod—every Russian one of them! Who cares for them? When a whole world says Russians are worthless, it knows whereof it speaks."

"The whole world knows whereof it speaks, because it says the Galicians are no good."

"Who asked thee to marry a Galician, if Galicians are no good?" was heard above a din of breaking crockery. "Here's your dirty Russian *kugel* where it belongs."

"Who asked me?" came a thin, frightened voice with a feeble effort at boldness; "who asked me?—if it had not been for that rogue of a *shatchen* (professional matchmaker), thinkest thou I—I—I—but he swore by his beard and ear locks and by his *tlith* (praying shawl), and *tephilin* (phylacteries), that thou wert unlike other Galicians, and"—

"Such a proselyte of a *shatchen!*" shriekingly interposed the man. "The cholera take him this moment! And he swore to me that thou wert not like other Russians."

"And I am" (timidly). "But the trouble comes from thy being like other Galicians."

"Nay, thou liest! The trouble comes from thy being a Russian."

"Russians are not liars, understand," (boldly), "and Galicians are known to be great liars. Don't you call me liar, again."

"Thou canst help thyself."

"Yes—but first give me back my three hundred dollars *nadan* (dowry), that I gave thee."

"Thou mayst till the soil with thy nose; thou canst go to work. I'll give thee nothing."

"Thou hast it no longer. Thou hadst not even a penny to thy soul when I married thee, and thou didst not know how to keep it when thou didst get it."

"*Nee, nee!* leave a little for to-morrow; close thy mouth and get me something to eat." . . . again only a murmur.

"Here, Jack dear, you take the glassware and the silver," said Mrs. Lawrence. "I'll take care of the rest. Oh, yes, of course, we'll attend to that new piece of business, together."

Jack Lawrence and his young wife wished they had not come down just at that moment. But it was too late to turn back and go upstairs again, for they were espied in the hall by the youngsters outside. On the stoop stood all the girls and boys, and lads and lassies living in the apartment house. Husband and wife exchanged a look, and Rachel felt the sympathetic pressure of the strong arm upon which she leaned.

"I wonder when we will stop being the circus, dear," said Jack with a smile. Rachel dared not make a reply, for they had reached the street door and Jack had just opened it. They passed out on the stoop amid significant silence. But before they had taken many steps from the stoop and were still within a fair hearing distance, sixteen Jewish youngsters were chattering like magpies.

"That's them! Yes, she's a Christian, he's a Jew! No, she ain't! She's a Jew! He's a Christian! Cantcha tell by his name? There's no Jew named Lawrence. Yes, and her name is *Rachel!* Ain't she sweet! Ain't he nice! But what a shame! Don't you think so? Um! I should say! She don't bless the candles on Sabbath eve. I know she don't, because my mother came in one Friday evening and didn't see even a candlestick. Her father lives in New York; he's mad on her—he don't come to her house. Yes, six months in this house. Oh, no! They have been married a long time."

These remarks, made for the benefit of two new child "tenants" who looked with wide-open eyes after the young couple, did not fall singly but in one almost indiscriminate heap. The Lawrences turned the corner into noisy, crowded Grand street without a word.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE

DEEP WATER TO THE GULF.

St. Louis, Mo., 3-29-'05.

To the Editor of THE MIRROR:

Will you please give your opinion as to what obstacles are now in the way of deep water navigation from St. Louis to the Gulf and if they were removed (granting that such a thing is possible) could deep water navigation be made a permanent benefit without tremendous cost?

Very truly,

J. H. SMITH.

[The answer to this question hinges on the construction of the term "deep-water navigation." If it only means uninterrupted, all-the-year-'round navigation of the river by the present style of craft, the Mississippi River Commission and the heads of the several river districts claim to have solved the problem. Of late years a channel of a uniform depth of nine feet was generally maintained by dredging the shallow places between Cairo and the mouth of the Red River (765 miles). The stretch of river between St. Louis and Cairo (190 miles) being included in the dredging operations from now on, there will be no further obstacle to ordinary river navigation from St. Louis to the Gulf.

But if "deep-water navigation" means navigation of the river by sea-going vessels requiring a channel depth of at least from fifteen to twenty feet, it is an altogether different proposition. The river can be used by that class of vessels at the present time only from the Gulf to the mouth of the Red River (300 miles). No improvements are necessary for this part of it. From there to Helena, Ark. (465 miles), it may be possible to keep the river at the required depth at tolerably moderate cost. From Helena to St. Louis (490 miles) the expenditure would have to be enormous on account of the constant and rapid filling up of the innumerable bends and crossings. This obstacle could be overcome by the construction of a canal, parallel with the river, to begin at Cape Girardeau (135 miles below St. Louis), and ending at the mouth of the St. Francis River, just above Helena, Ark., taking care of 355 miles of river by a length of canal of about 145 miles.

The realization of this project would present no especial difficulties to the engineer. Money, to the tune of millions expressed by two figures, is all that is needed. However, if this improvement were made, in connection with the proposed deep waterway between St. Louis and Chicago, the benefits to St. Louis and the whole of the Mississippi Valley would be incalculable.—RICHARD VON APPIANO, C. E., with Mississippi River Commission, St. Louis, Mo.]

✧

THE BOND ISSUE.

St. Louis, April 5.

To the Editor of THE MIRROR:

This election has not hurt my business a bit. In fact, it seems to me that

when St. Louis lashes out with both feet at once, and catches Ed Butler a truck in the ribs and busts the hoops off the \$9,000,000 bond combine, all in one motion, it is a matter for congratulation. I feel that common sense is scoring a higher average in Missouri.

That \$2,000,000 Kingshighway job as a rider to the bond issue was an outrage. It was the most idiotic proposition from a business standpoint that was ever laid before a city. A \$2,000,000 parade ground for automobiles would be a nice thing, but are there not a score of other pressing needs, wherein all the people are interested, not alone those rich enough to own automobiles?

It was a fool proposition from any standpoint, even that of graft, for the outstretched claws of the gang pushing it were so plainly visible. And they had it framed up so nicely, and were so sure of it! Jockeyed the bond matter along till Wells was up again, so as to boost it in through his help and the "business administration" cry! Had grown so bold and found the world so easy to work in World's Fair graft, and thought, "This is a snap; let's go in again!" I rather imagine there was a blue fog out toward Newstead avenue Wednesday morning.

Defeating the bond issue means waiting for means to proceed with a number of meritorious works; but the Kingshighway job is killed, anyway. Of all the propositions that were ever put before an intelligent community, it was the daftest and d—dest.

I make this prediction: Whenever the people of St. Louis are permitted to vote on a bond issue for things they really need, with no rider of graft and

grab and private interests, they will carry it through by a vote so big that it will only be necessary to count a ward or two as a sample by which to estimate the rest.

I do not think St. Louis is averse to spending money, but as for throwing it away, or deliberately giving it to a lot of brass-faced grafters—well, that's different!

Yours very respectfully,

WALTER CAMPBELL TAYLOR.

✧

NO BABIES AND FAT MATRONS.

St. Louis, April 8th, '05.

To the Editor of THE MIRROR:

Your contributor "Blue Jay" is a wise and observing gazebo—male or female.

She or he notes two important things in society, strangely overlooked by others: to-wit (1) that all our young matrons get fat, and (2) that they don't have children. She or he doesn't know the cause. I'll tell her.

It's the water we drink.

The Missouri River water is starchy, and starch is fattening. The starch is in the mud. Missouri River water is as fattening as potatoes.

As to the paucity of babies: it's the alum in the water that's responsible. It dries up the founts of life in man and woman. Alum and copperas together are styptic as to the germs of human life.

The alum and the copperas used for settlement are foes of the Million Club's chief purpose—increase of population. Everybody knows that childlessness in the normal state is usually accompanied by an accession of adiposity.

"Blue Jay" has hit upon a great and important fact. She or he is helpful as

At a glance

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Wedding Silver Should Be The Best

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That's the Reason of Our Reputation.

Finest Goods at Lowest Prices.

The purchasing of wedding silver is an important matter. It is a matter to be given some thought to or talked over between members of the family. If you make the selection now, it gives us time to engrave the different pieces to your order.

Mermod, Jaccard & King Co.

Write for Catalogue.

Broadway, Cor. Locust Street.

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well as amusing. I salute that percipient person.

We don't hear anything against the danger of alum, now, because the anti-alum baking powder bill was passed by Royal boodles. Because boodles was used against alum in baking powder it does not follow that alum is not the bad thing the experts have said it is. Alum and copperas together are enough to make our St. Louis water the most Malthusian liquid on the face of the earth. It deprives us of babies, and it destroys our pretty women's waist lines, gives them double chins and jowls and transmutes their walk into a waddle.

Our alum tinctured water makes this city the headquarters of "race suicide."

Respectfully,

MEDICUS.

✧ ✧ ✧

MEN IN GREEN

The news from London says that should the confident predictions of tailors be realized, green will be the fashionable color for men's attire this summer, green in all shades, ranging between the aggressiveness of the cat's-eye and the subdued pallor of Brussels sprouts. The London shops are said already to indicate the change from the present sombre black and brown, which even the smartest men affect. Olive-green Homburg hats and automobiling caps, even dark green bowler hats, confront one in the hatters' windows, and greenish tweeds and still more pronounced green flannels are to be seen at the most fashionable tailor establishments. Trousers are to be much tighter. The general tendency is to make the thin man a green lamp-post and the stout man an over-grown cabbage.

"WHY I AM BEAUTIFUL"*My Dear Maude:*

Ever so many thanks for your sweet little note. You begin by saying how you envy me my beauty of face, my *scelte* figure, and then beg me to give you some advice, as you are on the eve of "coming out," and feel that you are not half so pretty as I. Candidly, dear, you are not. I will be perfectly frank with you, dear Maude. You are at present what we call *gauche*, your hair is coarse and has a "lumped" look, the prevailing hue of your face is a flushed purplish red, you are freckled, and lastly you transgress the prevailing fashion in having two chins. There! Now we know exactly how we stand! But do not despair, dear Maude. I, too, was once as you now are, but I transformed myself and I can transform you.

Now, attend carefully.

Every morning I rise at 6:30. By this means I am always able to be down in time for luncheon at 2. I at once remove my face mask, sleeping gloves, chin strap, etc., etc., and then begin my simple little round of pleasant exercises.

First of all, my chin must be prevented from having a partner! Standing on my toes and balancing myself by holding on to the chest of drawers, I force my chin as far upwards and outwards as it will go, and in this position twist my head round and round with slow, stately movements, for one hour by the clock. In order to lend a little extra interest to this exercise I playfully pretend each time my head comes to the front that I am greeting one of my friends. Thus: "Good morning, duchess," I exclaim, gracefully inclining my neck, and "Good evening, Lord Dumaresque," with a somewhat distant smile, and so on. It is with a pleasant feeling of swanlike fatigue (if I may so term it), that I next turn to the care of my complexion.

My face goes through twenty-four different processes, the more important of which I will describe. First, it is steamed for one hour and a quarter. I hold it over a boiling kettle in which I have previously placed two lemons, a pinch of alum and a pomegranate. (N. B., dear, three volumes of the Encyclopedia Britannica strapped on the back will prevent the shoulders from becoming rounded whilst in the stooping position necessitated by this exercise.)

Now I weigh out a pound and a half of cold cream, and for two hours rub this into my face with a delicate circular motion of the finger tips until not a bit is left. I omit seventeen processes here, and pass to the twentieth. This is "tapping." For forty-five minutes I tap out various tunes all over my face with the backs of two dessert spoons; this exercises the muscles and promotes the flow of blood. Then comes the milk bath, the warm bran bath, the cold oatmeal bath, the astringent, electric, and "morning dew" sprays; and there is my face with all the appearance of a delicately tinted roseleaf. The whole thing is most refreshing.

Meantime, my maid has been brushing

my hair in the next room; she now brings it in beautifully glossed, and my *coiffure* is soon completed.

Such, dear Maude, is an all too brief account of the simple methods to which I owe my complexion.

Yours, with best wishes. GRACE.

ANCIENT LOVE LETTER

The world possesses many love songs of the old Egyptians, but a genuine love letter had not heretofore been found. Only recently, in Chaldea, was a true letter found, written on clay. Though the letter has much formality for such a missive, the reader can feel the tenderness that lies hidden between the lines. The document was written in the year 2200 B. C., and was found in Sappara, the Biblical Sepharvani. Apparently the lady lived there, while her beloved was a resident of Babylon. The letter reads:

"To the lady, Kasbuya (little ewe), says Gimil Marduk (the favorite of Merodach), this: May the sun god of Marduk afford you eternal life. I write that I may know how your health is. Oh, send me a message about it. I live in Babylon and have not seen you, and for this reason I am very anxious. Send me a message that will tell me when you will come to me, so that I may be happy. Come in Marchesvan. May you live long, for my sake."

SHE WASN'T ENGAGED, BUT—

Smith girls are gloating gleefully over the fact that they have a freshman among them whose happy repartee has nonplused even the most august professors. Two things must not be done at his institution of learning. One is to sit up after 10 p. m., and the other is to go driving with any man except one's fiancé. On one of the beautiful sunny days of last week the freshman in question, wearied of books, braved the professors in charge of her dormitory and begged permission to go driving with a young man who was a frequent caller upon her. Questioned whether she was engaged to him the maiden raised her limpid eyes to those of her spectacled preceptor and answered demurely: "No; but if you will let me go I promise I will be before I come back."

VEHICLE ADORNMENT

There is no saving in allowing your carriages to go unpainted. Occidental Carriage Paint will shine up the most dilapidated one if you will use it. Besides making your vehicles look better, it will protect them from the weather and make them last longer. Made in all the popular coach colors.

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THE CHOICE OF A GLOVE

Many women make the mistake of thinking that a tight-fitting glove makes the hand look small. The tight-fitting glove makes the hand bulge in places, so that it looks badly proportioned, to say nothing of stopping the circulation of

the blood and making the hands cold. The glove that is too large gives a slovenly appearance to the hands; it is therefore better to have the gloves fitted. A soft, pliable kid makes the hand

look smaller than the thicker leathers, hence many women with large hands have a preference for the suede glove, though the glace glove is smarter.—*London Express.*

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The Powder for Brunettes.
The Powder that Sticks!

Carmen Powder is the most perfect beautifier that money, science and skill can produce.

Carmen Powder makes and keeps the skin soft and beautiful.

Carmen Face Powder is made of the purest and most expensive ingredients and is wonderfully prepared by an elaborate process, so as to peculiarly suit the brunette complexion; the skin of brunettes being different from that of blondes in important particulars.

Carmen Powder, no matter how carelessly applied, does not "show powder," as all other powders do when applied to brunette complexions. Carmen Powder blends and produces a soft and velvety effect of indescribable beauty.

Carmen Powder sticks, no matter if it is in the heated ball room or in the sun and wind. No "touching up" is ever necessary. This product is far superior to anything made, and if you will use it regularly you will find that the beauty of your complexion will be commented upon.

Unlike many powders, Carmen is not only a great aid to beauty, but it is of wonderful benefit to the skin, imparting that clear, healthy look which indicates so surely a knowledge of the higher refinement of life.

Made in four tints—cream, flesh, pink and white.

Carmen Powder is for sale by most druggists, though some druggists, not having it, may offer you a substitute. Do not accept it! There is no substitute for the genuine Carmen Powder—no other powder will do what Carmen will.

THE PRICE IS **50c** The Box.

—MADE BY—

STAFFORD-MILLER CO.,

ST. LOUIS, MO.

AT THE PLAY

Mr. Willard.

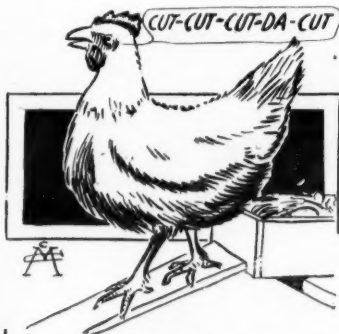
Mr. Willard, a great and a gracious and a graceful actor, appears at the Olympic this week.

He opened with a performance of "David Garrick."

The play is hardly worth criticism. It is an ultra-theatrical thing for the glorification of the actor. It is not convincing. It gives us the actor making acting something heroic. And as a result, the actor always over-acts.

Mr. Willard is, of course, gentle and refined. His simulated intoxication, in order to disgust the young lady who has been smitten by him, is the intoxication of a gentleman. It is pathetic without the interposition of sheep's-eyeing to show what real feeling is being smothered by his self-sacrifice and self-humiliation.

This play and this part are not those



The Hen's Hint

When the hens begin to lay, mankind begins to lay plans for Easter togs.

And a man cannot expect a tailor to "lay himself out" on the making of those Easter togs unless the customer gets his order in early.

The same slow but careful, talented Swede tailors who make our Dress Suits make all our Frock Suits. You couldn't induce one of them for love, money or marbles to turn out a Frock Suit that the most fastidious dresser could turn down. Nor can you make them work any faster than they think they ought to work to turn out the grade of tailoring that they know they ought to turn out. We want you to have your Frock Suit made by these special function tog tailors of ours. So do you. Then for your own sake get your orders in early.

MacCarthy-Evans Frock Suits—\$45, \$55 and \$70.

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in which Mr. Willard's gifts show to best advantage. The incident has a certain artistry that tells, but it has a meretricious quality of sentimentality that keeps the emotion it depicts from rising to the tragic height which all actors imagine for it.

Mr. Willard has a simple way about him that carries him well through the role. He has a pathetic note in him that characterizes everything he does. He has a real refinement that helps along the part of the drunken actor towards something better than a mere display of acting. He is, at least, a drunken gentleman—and not what some other "stars" have given us, notably one Nathaniel Goodwin.

As Mr. Willard gives us the piece it is a tasteful bit of work, beyond question, but it is no such thing as he has given us, let us say in "The Cardinal" or in "The Middleman" or other plays in his fine repertoire. "David Garrick" is not a piece with which a week should be opened up in this city. It is too exclusively a play to appeal to actors to be quite a "hit" with the general public. At least, that is one man's opinion of it. It is nothing whereby to gauge the abilities of Mr. Willard.

Of course, he does everything with that rare, cultured finish of work which is characteristic of him. Equally of course, he is excellently supported at all points in the performance. The company is such an one as Mr. Willard always has. He does not shine by the badness of his support.

There is better work of his in store for the people of St. Louis this week than was presented for their delectation last Monday evening.

The Royal Chef.

The "Royal Chef" is at the Garrick for, I think, the third time since that theater's opening. And it is going better now than it did on any former occasion. The why of it is that the music improves upon familiarity with it and the fun is intensified by the presence of D. L. Don, whose grotesque humor and queer wit are always freshened by an evidently acute observation which keeps his lines alive with references which are pertinent almost to the minute in which they are uttered. "The Royal Chef" is a good show and its success while "phenomenal," as regards St. Louis, and a third or fourth visit, is a good sign that this city is getting out of the class of one-week stands.

Checkers.

"Checkers" is back again. The rather common-place show is better than ever. It hasn't lost its verve in its dotage and the poise that the excellent players have obtained in their success adds a general dignity to the performance. A review is rather useless, but Mr. Ross deserves much respect and admiration for his acting, for there is in his half-humorous, half-pathetic portrayal of *Checkers*, the race-track tout, a delicate, spontaneous touch of a personality both sweet and strong.

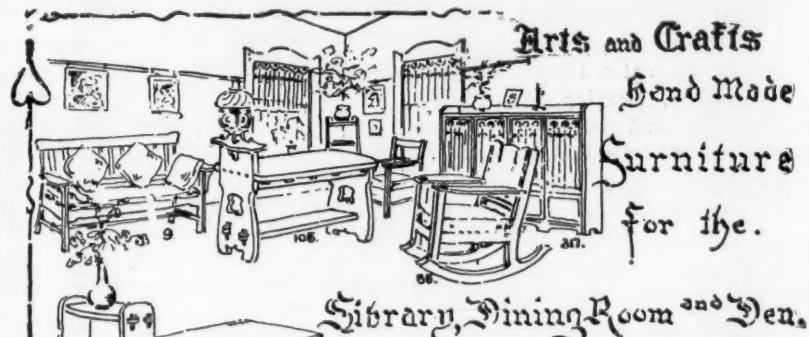
Wallace Mosley, handsome, clever

ARTISTIC

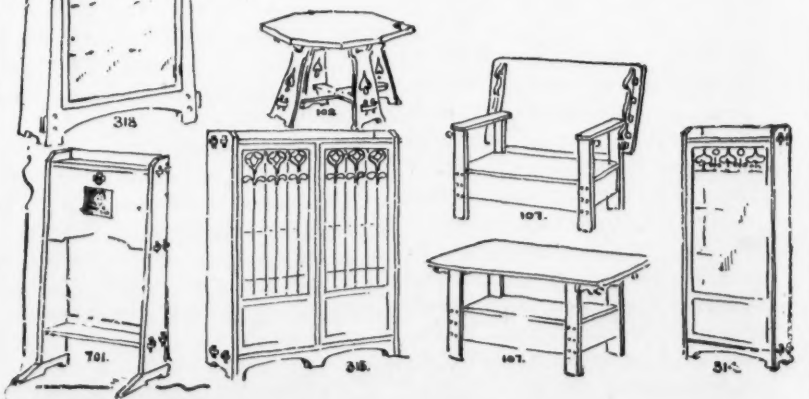
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and well-dressed as he was a year ago, played his role, *Arthur*, in a way that won the hearts of matinee girls, in spite of its unpleasant qualities. The *Push Miller* was excellent, so was *Aunt Deb*. As for the great improvement that Miss Katherine Mulkins showed in her portrayal of *Pert Barlow*, the heroine, she was womanly and she was beautiful. She reminds one, in her demureness, of Edna May. She has a delightful voice and her reading is rarely distinct. She must be tired of predictions of ultimate

success—of "giving promise," etc.—for there is much to be said concerning her art at present, much that could be truly said in praise, but which may be generalized under the adjectives true, sweet and wholesome.

Coming Attractions.

Something of the popularity of "The Duke of Killicrankie" may be gathered from the fact that it has not only played the longest engagement of any piece at the Empire Theater, New York, this

ENDLESS, NEEDLESS DRUDGERY.

Cooking on a Coal Stove, your life is an endless chain of drudgery. Hardly is the breakfast drudgery over before the dinner drudgery must be attended to. That disposed of, the supper drudgery demands your attention. You begin the day in drudgery and end the day in drudgery.

The **GAS RANGE** eliminates all this. You prepare your meals in comfort. You keep daintily cool and clean. You don't have to dress against a gas range. Perfect cooking is a certainty. Not too little heat—not too much, but just the exact degree the particular dish requires. How **CAN YOU** afford longer to put up with coal stove drudgery when the comforts of gas are at your instant command, at actually less cost than coal?

Gas Ranges, 16-in. oven, \$15.00; 18-in. oven, \$17.00—payable \$3.00 with order, balance monthly with gas bill. Delivered and connected free. \$1.00 discount from these prices for cash with order.

THE LACLEDE GAS LIGHT CO.

season, but that it is even now being given in London, where it was first produced by Mr. Frohman's English Company. To see it is to believe that it was especially written for John Drew; so delicately, masterly and perfectly does he acquit himself in the role of the eccentric *Duke*. But Mr. Drew did not even create the role, as the comedy was first put on in London. Yet he so snugly fits the part that it would be difficult to imagine it, and perhaps painful to see it in any other hands. Upon the programme "The Duke of Killcrankie" is called "a farcical romance in three acts." It is redolent of the atmosphere of London fashionable life, and admirably hits off the foibles and weaknesses of England's most interesting set. It is unusually popular in its appeal; its characters illustrate English types whose absurdities strike the gallery god as forcibly as the occupant of the box; its wit and humor, for an English piece, is wonderfully American, scarcely a speech is without the happy stroke of genuine comedy; and its principal theme, that of the persistent love of the *Duke of Killcrankie* for *Lady Henrietta Addison* is delightfully romantic and even more delightfully acted.

In a few words, the plot centres about the young, eccentric *Duke of Killcrankie*, who, after three unsuccessful proposals, has decoyed the beautiful *Lady Addison* to his Scottish castle, entangling in the same trap *Mrs. Mulholland*, as chaperone, and *Mr. Pitt Welby*, M. P., as general assistant. The strategy used by the Duke to obtain the lady's hand, while at the same time observing the necessary conventions of social life; the defeat of his plans by the lady's

own cleverness; and the tourneys at wit and repartee between *Pitt Welby* and *Mrs. Mulholland*—all charmingly suspended in its solution until the very last line, are really beyond description, and must be seen to be adequately appreciated. The cast includes, among the subordinate roles, Miss Fanny Brough, last seen here in "A Message from Mars;" Miss Margaret Dale and Ferdinand Gottschalk. Miss Brough, in her characterization of *Mrs. Mulholland*, widow of the late "Glue-King," is accredited with an especially carefully-thought-out piece of acting. There will be Wednesday and Saturday matinees.

What a role crowded with rich opportunity is that of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," and how fine a triumph it has been for Mrs. Madge Carr Cook—herself the mother of that genius-dowered star, Miss Robson—to create in that role a characterization which goes beyond the conception of the gifted story writer, and adds new sweetness and fresh, delicious humor. Mrs. Cook has made *Mrs. Wiggs* a familiar companion and friend to the play lovers of New York, who for one hundred and fifty performances came and came again to revel in the oddities and the kindly fun of the "Cabbage Patch." Now *Mrs. Wiggs* is "on the road" and will appear in St. Louis next Sunday afternoon at the Garrick theater. She travels with all her metropolitan company, and truly *Mis' Hazy*, *Mr. Stubbins*, *Little Tommy*, *Lovey Mary*, *Asia*, *Europa* and *Australia*, her "Jogرافy"-named children, *Chris Hazy* of the peg-leg, *Cuby*, the "fit horse," and all the neighbors, make a very merry party.

"Over Niagara Falls," presented by a good company, will be presented at the Imperial next week. This piece has all the elements of a melodramatic success. And there are several good character parts in the production.

"My Wife's Family," which comes to the Grand next week, promises diversion enough for the patrons of that playhouse. It is said to be full of action and fun and is in the hands of a company of capable entertainers.

"The Dainty Duchess" will furnish the entertainment at the Standard next week. It is a show piece that compares with the best seen at the "Home of Folly" this season. There is a good specialty bill and burlesques out of the ordinary.

"Mother Goose" is to play another engagement here, beginning April 16, when it will invade the Century with all its immensity of company and production. Joe Cawthorne still heads the cast.

THE FURNITURE OUTLOOK

Look ahead a little, and your better judgment will tell you not to cast off certain articles of furniture because they appear a little second-handed. By using Occidental Oil and Varnish Stains you can renew old chairs, tables, etc., and keep them in use quite a while longer.

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The story is told of a teetotaler who was trying to persuade a bibulous friend to quit drinking. "You can't drink all

the whisky in the world," he was saying, when suddenly they came to the town distillery. It loomed before them, every window brightly illuminated.

"No," said the other, thickly, "but, look there! I kin make 'em work overtime."—*Argonaut*.

Mr. Subbubs—"You know you're only talking nonsense. What do you want a couple of new gowns for?"

Mrs. Subbubs—"Why, Mrs. Playne has got a dozen gowns, all of them much handsomer than the two or three that I've got."

Mr. Subbubs—"Yes, I know. But a homely woman like that needs rich attire in order to attract attention from her face. You don't."—*Tit-Bits*.

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ALL MONEY TAINTED

That the troubles of spirit of the preachers over Rockefeller's money may "slowly broaden down from precedent to precedent" until they reach all of us, is made plain in a letter to the *New York Sun*, as follows:

To the Editor of *The Sun*:

Sir—What shall a poor sinner do about his filthy lucre? The immaculate ones drive me, I fear, out of the world. I can't live yet "above the world." I can't live in the world without using my money to pay for my living.

How do these pure ones live?

Their money may all be tainted by having passed through liquor saloons, tobacco shops, gambling places.

What kind of money shall we live on?

AN ANXIOUS INQUIRER.

With all the channels of exchange in existence through which any dollar or even dime may pass after it is issued by the government until it reaches your hand or mine, the chances are that there is not a bill or a coin we handle which might not be regarded as "tainted," in the opinion of some person with pronounced views as to the morality of this that or the other business in which it may have been handled. It is probably safe to say that there isn't one nickel handled by anyone in this country that isn't open to the objection made by the preachers to Rockefeller's millions. All our money is "tainted."

♦ ♦ ♦

DRESS

If the Dressmakers' Protective Association of America mean business when they talk of doing away with the diaphragm, the present age is likely to see a notable augmentation of the dressing radius (to borrow a term from the science of navigation), of womankind. The difficulty of making the average woman look like anything arises, as we are getting to understand at last, not so much out of a superfluity of viscera as out of a defect, in these, of mobility. This defect the elimination of the diaphragm will go far to correct. It is a singular fact, which may or may not be due to the intervention of Providence, that the styles almost always leave room enough, somewhere or other, for substantially all the organs, and with the diaphragm out of the way, they, that is to say, the organs, will be free to take advantage of this. For example, in an era of straight-front effects, the liver may go up and stay with the lungs, and when, presently, champagne-bottle shoulders come in, the lungs may go down and stay with the liver. The wonder is that nobody ever thought of this simple and eminently practical expedient before.—*New York Life*.

♦ ♦ ♦

Le Fiancee—Why have you never introduced me to your mother, darling?

La Fiancee—Gerald, my mother is a widow, and I have lost two fiancés to widows already.

♦ ♦ ♦

New anecdotes are coming to light daily about the Rough Riders who descended on Washington for the inaug-

uration. One of the cowboys while in the rooms of a Washington comrade, who had grown prosperous since his Rough Rider days, fell to looking at his host's evening things, which were spread out, and he espied an opera hat compressed into itself, and picking it up began to regard it curiously from different angles. While poking it, the hat sprang open. Young Arizona regarded his handiwork with amazement and delight. "A hat!" he commented admiringly, "a self-cocking hat! Now, don't that beat hell!"

♦ ♦ ♦

GOWNS WITH SHORT SLEEVES

The fashion of short, close sleeves which has been introduced during the winter reaches its fullest development in the spring models. On this one point the dressmakers seem to be united—that there shall be the least possible amount of material used in the sleeves, and that they shall end quite free in the elbow. There is apt to be a little puff at the shoulder, a puff that rises rather than stands out, and then the sleeve is tightly shirred to the arm, to end in an equally close cuff. The cuff is sometimes split to show a fall of a line of lace, or it may have some other trimming to soften and decorate it, but for street gowns, at least, the falling elbow ruffle seems wholly discarded. Of course, these sleeves are met by long, much-wrinkled gloves, and for the moment, at least, they are covered by outside wraps, but the long sleeve seems to be quite discarded for any gown except the tailored skirt and coat suit. In some cases a little close undersleeve is introduced which may cover the elbow, but this is generally of lace or of some trimming which gives it an air of being separate from the dress sleeve. Separate blouses, if they are intended to be worn under the coat, show long sleeves—made long either by the use of the deep cuff or by the introduction of a close undersleeve, to which the full upper sleeve is attached by means of a ruffled heading.

♦ ♦ ♦

MAKING OLD PEN GOOD

"My pen is spoiled and I have no other," said the bookkeeper.

The machinist happened to be in the office, and he took the pen and held it over the gas jet for thirty seconds.

"You can make an old pen as good as new," he said, "by holding it over a flame like this for half a minute and afterward dipping it in cold water."

He dipped the hot pen in cold water as he spoke, and it sizzled slightly.

"Now try it," he said.

The bookkeeper tried the pen and exclaimed joyously:

"By George, it's as good as new again."—*Chicago Chronicle*.

♦ ♦ ♦

Young Doctor—Did you ever make a mistake in a diagnosis?

Old Doctor—Yes. A shabby old fellow came into my office one day, and after I told him he had only a stomach-ache, and charged him two dollars, I found out he was rich enough to have had appendicitis.—*Zoophilist*.

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The vice of our theology is seen in the claim that the Bible is a closed book; that the age of inspiration is past; and that Jesus was something different from a man.—*Emerson*.

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By Elbert Hubbard

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WELLS AND THE SPOILS

For a long time it has been understood that Mr. Charles Varrelman has desired to get out of the street commissionership. He dislikes the job and despises politics. He attends little to either. George Stroup runs the office. It is now understood that Mr. Varrelman is going to resign.

This will give Mayor Wells an opportunity to appoint a man to the place to satisfy those who elected him. The situation is difficult.

Gossip has it that Hiram Phillips, defeated candidate for President of the Board of Public Improvements, is being considered for the place. Also Tom Jenkins, late Superintendent of the Suburban railroad under the Charlie Turner regime, a good fellow and now a Hawes lieutenant and a chief stockholder in the Street-Hawes-McCaffery construction company that was suspect of design to capture all contracts for city work under the \$9,000,000 bond issue.

It may be neither, for Hawes is back of Jenkins, and if there's anything that the Mayor knows, it is that it was through Hawes and Hawes' supposed control of the patronage that the great fight came upon his (Wells') renomination and reelection. Jenkins is from Kentucky, and local Democracy is tired of the new outsider slipping into the good things.

The Mayor has not liked Phillips in the past. Phillips has been under fire for doing outside work while President of the Board of Public Improvements. Phillips, however, has made a fight on Butler's garbage works. But Phillips is said to have tried to fire Waller Edwards, his secretary, and a special Hawes protege, for alleged treason in giving to "Bill" Swift the dope with which the *Globe-Democrat* attacked all the departments in the city government. Still Phillips has a World's Fair pull back of him. His brother was a World's Fair engineer, significantly enough. Phillips has the call on the place, in the opinion of "the talent."

But what the politicians want more than Varrelman's resignation, is that George Stroup shall be bounced. He gives out the jobs. He is controlled by

Billy Flynn and Frank Klaiber of the Thirteenth ward, and they have a special snap in the employment of their carts on city street work and in dictating the appointments. All the city committeemen are sore on Stroup and on Flynn and Klaiber, and the committee is going to declare that it shall have a say as to the offices rather than the Jefferson Club. The bitterness against Stroup may be enough to induce the Mayor to ask Varrelman to hold on. The Mayor is said to waver as to both Phillips and Jenkins, yet there has been some wonderful padding of registration in Jenkins' ward.

Dr. John H. Simon, Health Commissioner, will soon find it so uncomfortable that he will have to "go." He has been an excellent official, but he dared to think of running for Mayor without Hawes' consent and Wells' permission, and so he will be frozen out in good shape long before the expiration of his term.

Mayor Wells has many advisers whose word is that he should let out Harbor Commissioner Whyte, the most unpopular man in his cabinet, but this won't go. The Mayor has faith in Whyte. He has stopped all the growl against Whyte by letting a rumor leak out that if Whyte were let out he would be succeeded by present Mayor's Secretary, McConkey—which would be, in some respects, worse than Whyte.

The axe will be swinging in all the city departments before this week is out. The men suspected of scratching the ticket will be let out in groups. They are expecting the notification hourly. But they may not have to go so soon.

It is not so certain that all the men who fought the fight will stand for the punish policy. It is sure that they will not stand for all the appointments being made under one man's O. K. The Mayor is surrounded by a small junta but there are some outside the junta who will break through to the Mayor or there will be trouble in abundance for the administration.

COMMITTEEMAN.

♦♦♦

Nell—"He hadn't known me ten minutes before he announced that he was going to kiss me."

Belle—"The idea! You should have had a hatpin to stick him with."

Nell—"Oh! He didn't need to be spurred on."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

♦♦♦

Stubb—"Time works changes among the wealthy as well as the poor." Penn—"I should say so. These days the chauffeur knows more family secrets than the butler."—*Chicago News*.

♦♦♦

Grayce—"Which one of those girls is it that you don't like?"

Gladys—"Sssh! She'll hear you. When the crowd comes up I'll kiss her twice."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

♦♦♦

"I wish Willie Saphed would hurry up his proposal." "But you aren't going to accept him!" "I know it. I want him to propose so I can get rid of him."—*Houston Post*.

The Easter Mirror

TO APPEAR NEXT THURSDAY

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THE MOST POPULAR PLAY

This play—"the ideal thriller"—is declared to have been the most successful since "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The name of the play is "The Fatal Wedding." Its author is Theodore Kremer. It has earned in royalties approximately \$80,000 a year, and continues to be the standard of excellence at the popular priced houses. It is now being produced by five companies in the United States and Europe, simultaneously. Let us see what is the "story" of this immensely popular drama, which has been running for several years.

Howard Wilson is rich—and a fool. His wife, Mabel, is the most beautiful woman in New York society, and her children, Jessie and Frank, promise to be as beautiful and handsome as their father and mother. Cora—Wilson's cousin—loves him, and is jealous of Mabel, and, one night, after a dinner, she tells Mabel that Howard loves her, and Mabel, loyal but fearful, half believes the story. Robert Curtis, perennially in need of money, agrees with Cora that he will return to Mabel after the company is gone and be caught with her by her husband, who, being a fool, will trust appearances. He informs Mabel her husband is gambling, and asks permission to tell her more about it when the others are gone. She refuses at first to see him after the dinner, but he tells her if she changes her mind to drop her fan. Then, of course, Cora posts Howard to watch for the dropping fan, and, when it drops, he forgets his trust in his wife. He rushes back to the house after pretending to start to the club, catches his wife with Curtis (who is scorned when he tries to make love to her), but the husband, as is usual with husbands, listens to the nauseating "confession" of Curtis and refuses to listen to his wife.

Curtis, in agreeing to ruin Mrs. Wilson's reputation, refuses to trust Cora, and forces her to sign a promise to give him \$20,000 when she weds Wilson—and she writes the promise—which act of putting things into writing proves as disastrous on the stage as in life. Also the French butler and the Irish cook, who are totally in sympathy with Mrs. Wilson, hear and see certain things.

In the divorce court the servants testify for the wife—which is unusual when the husband has all the money—but despite their evidence Wilson gets his divorce. Mrs. Wilson, while saying good-bye to her babies forever, conceives the idea of kidnaping them, and, aided

by the Frenchman and the Irish cook, does so. She takes the children to the home of Bridget's friend, but for some unaccountable reason, spirits them away and goes to live in a garret, sewing on shirts to support the children.

Eight years elapse. Why Cora does not marry Wilson is not made clear; nor is it explained why the metropolitan police cannot find a beautiful society woman and two lovely children in a Mulberry street room. However, these are not points that call for explanation to the audience. Wilson, although he has not married, is still extremely friendly with Cora, who apparently continues to reside at his palatial Fifth avenue home. He has abandoned hope of finding his children, the police evidently being unable to get a trace of the French butler, the Irish cook, the wife, or the children. Frank meantime has developed a cough, one that rivals Camille's, and Jessie, the daughter, aged ten, has developed an aptitude for slang, and sells newspapers while her mother sews.

Mrs. Wilson, under the name of White, has been sick, and is threatened with eviction. She finishes nine shirts, and starts to deliver them, but the factory is closed and she can get no money. At that point Toto, the ex-French butler, who has quit butling, tries to rent rooms in the tenement where Mrs. Wilson lives and meets her and the children. By strange coincidence, Cora, the cousin—at last engaged to Wilson—appears with Curtis, and they discover, through a photograph which Mrs. Wilson has been kissing for eight years (seemingly without marring it), the identity of the family. Within a few minutes, also, appears Wilson, who, it develops, is the "cruel landlord." He falls on the stairway of his own tenement and cuts his hand, whereupon Jessie, his little daughter, known as "the little mother," ceases peeling potatoes binds up his wound. He, too, discovers that Jessie and Frank are his long-lost children—thickening the plot.

Mrs. Wilson, having failed to sell her shirts, returns, and falls sick on discovering that Cora and Curtis have found her. The coincidences multiply rapidly, and Bridget, the ex-cook, appears. Mrs. Wilson plans to flee, and Bridget pawns her ex-mistress' wedding ring to raise the money.

In that moment, while Bridget is pawning the ring, Cora returns and tries to poison Mrs. Wilson by dropping arsenic into her medicine. A sudden cyclone causes Jessie to drop the poison. Cora, who is a most resourceful vil-

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Another man—but why multiply? Are you one of those who are casting about for a new location or seeking a profitable investment? Are you really in earnest? Why not take a trip through that country and see for yourself the opportunities to gain a home and independence, or plant a little investment that will net a good return.

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laine, having failed to poison Mabel, purposely leaves her pocketbook, full of money, in the Wilson room. Jessie finds it, and, although she has spent the fourteen cents she made selling papers that day for flour, beef, potatoes, vegetables, soup and delicacies for her sick mother and brother, she refuses to touch the money. Cora returns with a policeman and accuses Jessie of stealing the pocketbook, but the copper refuses to arrest her. Wilson also returns, and Cora, foiled, slips out unnoticed, and Wilson takes Jessie back home with him to the Fifth avenue palace.

The servant girl problem evidently was serious with Wilson, for no sooner has he found Toto and Bridget, who helped steal his children, than he takes them back to the palace. Jessie, who assumes mastery over her father, demands that she be allowed to see her mother every day, and she wins, despite Cora's protest.

Curtis, who, despite his connection with the original divorce, appears to have free access to the Wilson house, enters with a "jag," and Jessie, pretending to be asleep, hears him tell of the promise to pay \$20,000 on the wedding

day, during a quarrel with Cora, who accuses him of operating a counterfeiting plant on the Palisades. Curtis boasts that he has Cora in his power and that the paper is securely locked in the safe in the den on the Hudson. Jessie (aged 10) determines to get the paper and prove her mother's innocence, besides preventing the marriage of Cora and Wilson, which was scheduled for the following Monday. Jessie incidentally, borrows money from her new found father to bring her sick mother to the house and to redeem the pawned wedding ring. Frank is brought home on a stretcher, supposedly dying, and a moment later Mrs. Wilson returns in a carriage and is permitted to stay at the bedside of her sick boy despite Cora.

Jessie (aged 10), arrayed like a fairy princess, confides in her mother the secret she learned while pretending to be asleep, and they take Toto into their confidence and plot to rob the counterfeiters' den in the Palisades, secure the promise to pay written by Cora, and prove Mrs. Wilson's innocence, exposing the plotters.

Frankie is near death, and, kneeling by the bedside, the father and mother come near reconciliation, but Cora interrupts.

On Sunday night Mrs. Wilson, Jessie and Toto reach the counterfeiters' den, and, forcing the safe, steal the paper. They are discovered by Curtis, but, while he is beating upon the door, they crawl across the Hudson river on a rope. The villain, wild over the loss of the paper, finally forces the door and starts to follow them across the river, but drops, screaming, hundreds of feet, when Toto cuts the rope.

Monday evening Grace church is illuminated and decorated for the great wedding. Toto and Bridget are waiting and behind them is Curtis, who has escaped death by a miracle and comes seeking revenge. Mrs. Wilson fails to appear and the ceremony starts. Just as the vows are about to be exchanged Mrs. Wilson enters the church and produces the paper. Cora, vastly agitated, declares the paper a forgery, but Curtis, like a specter, steps forward, declares the truth, and fires five bullets into Cora's body. Cora, dying, admits that she has done everything "for love's sake."

Wilson and his ex-wife are left clasped in each other's arms, with Jessie, arrayed as a bride, standing by.

What becomes of Curtis is not plain. He may be in the legislature.

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PRESIDENT'S HARVARD CLASS

Roosevelt's class of '80, that will figure with the President at Harvard commencement this year, contains an interesting set of names. Colonel Gaston of '80 is in control of the Democratic organization, Quincy of '80 has been Mayor of Boston, Andrews of '80 is a justice of the New York Supreme Court, so-called. Almy Lee and Wendell of '80 are philanthropic sociologists. Brackett of '80 writes sacred music, Hibbard of '80 writes (prolifically) short stories.

Opdycke of '80 translates from the Romance languages and has been decorated by the King of Italy.

Billings of '80 is the Rev. Endicott Peabody's first assistant at Groton school, where the older Roosevelt boys are students. Woodbury of '80 is secretary of the Boston Park Commission. Keene of '80 is Consul at Florence.

Gilman has just been settled as pastor at Canton, Mass. Bob Bacon has retired after making a fortune in State street and Wall street.

H. N. Fowler is Greek professor at Western Reserve, A. B. Hart is Harvard's leading professor of history and a voluminous author, R. M. Saltonstall is one of the Suffolk bar's best known attorneys, F. A. Tupper is head master of the Brighton High School, F. E. Whiting was formerly associate business manager of the Boston Herald, and Robert Winson is the executive man at Kidder, Peabody & Co.'s banking house. W. G. L. Taylor is professor of political science at Nebraska University.—*Boston Record*.

THE GREAT REVIVAL

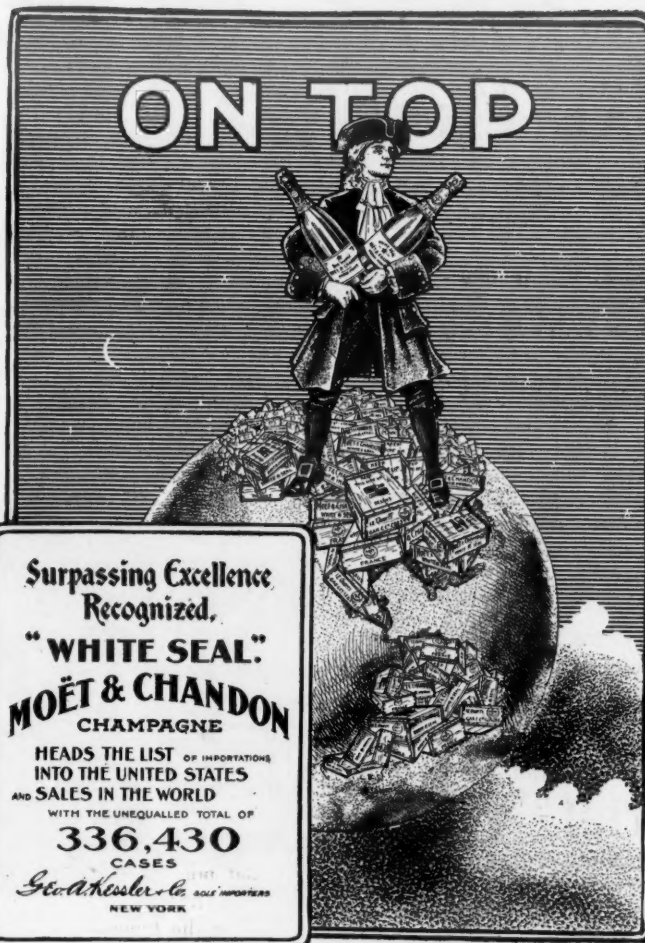
He comes, the great Revivalist!
He comes, the long desired, long missed!
He comes with clear, inspiring call,
But not to packed and teeming hall
Where crowds repentant meet;
He calls us other-whither far,
Where babbling streams and wild woods are,
And where no more dull grays are seen,
But clad in robes of shimmering green,
The wealds smile fair and sweet.

At his reviving touch awake
The bare black copse and thorny brake,
In dainty sheen the hedgerows sprout,
Frail flowers fling odors all about
And deck the barren sod;
His "Glory Song's" triumphant notes
Are trilled from myriad throbbing throats.
They ring into the high faint blue
As if to burst heaven's portals through
To reach the throne of God.

He comes! All Nature welcomes here
The great revival of the year,
Old earth grows young, the days grow long.

The woods are all athrob with song,
And hearts new tuned to love:
Here folson is where late was dearth,
For silence, melody and mirth,
Till in our hearts we deem we know
The fair and smiling earth below
Has changed to heaven above.

—*Pall Mall Gazette*.



ON TOP

Surpassing Excellence
Recognized,
"WHITE SEAL"
MOËT & CHANDON
CHAMPAGNE

HEADS THE LIST OF IMPORTATIONS
INTO THE UNITED STATES
AND SALES IN THE WORLD
WITH THE UNEQUALLED TOTAL OF
336,430
CASES

Ge. A. Kessler & Co. SOLE IMPORTERS
NEW YORK

HOW TO ROLL AN UMBRELLA

How many men know how to roll an umbrella so that it will look as neat and compact as when it leaves the store? Not many of those you meet have the secret.

Nearly everyone who rolls an umbrella takes hold of it by the handle and keeps twisting the stick with one hand and folds and rolls with the other hand. The proper way is to take hold of the umbrella just above the points of the cover ribs; these points naturally are even around the stick.

Keep hold of these, pressing them closely against the stick, and then roll up the cover. Holding the ribs prevents them from getting either twisted out of place or bent out of shape. Then the silk will fold evenly and roll smooth and as close as the first time unfolded.—*Clothier and Furnisher*.

BIG STICK

The President steps down and out,
There comes an idol new
Who occupies the public eye
And takes up all our view.

A fig for all diplomacy!

We don't care where he's at,
The wielder of the Big Stick now
Is Casey, at the bat.

McLandburgh Wilson in New York Sun.

Jorkins—"My dear, I wish you wouldn't sing that song about 'Falling Dew.'"

Mrs. Jorkins—"Why not?"

Jorkins—"It reminds me too much of the 'house rent.'"—*Cleveland Leader*.



"The Hotel Success of St. Louis."

The Hamilton

(Cor. Hamilton and Maple Aves.)

Located in the choicest section of the city. Nothing like it west of New York. Rooms single or en suite, with Bath. Balls, parties and receptions a specialty. Bowling, billiards, Turkish baths, etc. A delightful home for winter. For rates, etc., write W. F. Williamson, Mgr.

The Grand Wm. Schaefer, Proprietor.

N. W. Corner 6th and Pine Streets.

Finest Bar and Billiard Hall in the West

STRICTLY MODERN AND FIRST-CLASS IN EVERY RESPECT.



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513 PINE ST.
ST. LOUIS.

LOAN OFFICE.

GARRICK

Triumphant Return of the

ROYAL CHEF

Coming—Sunday Mat.—April 16

"The short and simple
scandals of the poor"

MRS. WIGGS of the CABBAGE PATCH.

...OLYMPIC...

THIS WEEK

Mr. E. S. Willard

IN

Repertoire

Wed. and Sat. Mats

NEXT WEEK

JOHN DREW

IN

The Duke of
Killicrankie

Reserved Seats Thurs.

...CENTURY...

THIS WEEK

KIRK LA SHELLE'S
Big Production of

"Checkers."

Wed. and Sat. Mats.

NEXT WEEK

Klaw & Erlanger's
Wondrous Spectacle

Mother Goose

Reserved Seats Thurs.

Imperial

Tenth and Pine
25c Daily Matinees
Nights,
Best Seats, 50c

THIS WEEK

The Great Sensational Play

Escaped from Sing Sing

Next Sunday Mat.—"Over Niagara Falls."

GRAND

ST. LOUIS'
MOST POPULAR
THEATER.

Matinees Wednesday and Saturday—25c
and 50c. Night Prices 25c, 35c, 50c, 75c, \$1

THIS WEEK

BILLY B. VAN and 60 others, in
The ERRAND BOY

Next Sunday Mat.—"My Wife's Family."

STANDARD

The Home of Folly. Two Frollics Daily.

THIS WEEK

JOLLY
GRASS
WIDOWS

NEXT WEEK

THE
DAINTY
DUCHESS

On APRIL 18th

You can purchase round trip tickets from St. Louis, via M., K. & T. R'y to Indian Territory, Oklahoma and Texas, at Less than One Fare for the Round Trip: Muskogee, \$9.60; Oklahoma City, \$12.25; Dallas, \$14.40; Ft. Worth, \$14.55; Houston, Galveston and San Antonio, \$15.00.

Take this opportunity of seeing the Great Southwest, its prosperity and progress.

Tickets good until May 9, with stop-overs in either direction.

Write, or call on

J. L. WILLIAMS,
Pass. and Tkt. Agent
M., K. & T. Ry.

520 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.



BABY-FACED GIRLS

"Woman," said Carlyle in one of his cynical moods, "is a primitive to-day, in her love for display and obtaining means of comfort, as she was in the Stone Age. She wears the skins of animals to keep her warm in winter, and the bright feathers of birds to make her attractive in summer." The loveless and unloved critic should have had a prophetic view of this year of grace, and noted how feminine ingenuity has thought out a new scheme of attractiveness. Dame fashion this year is making ready to pay particular attention to the baby-faced girl—the soulful, open-eyed innocent, who is to take the place of the athletic damsel and drive her off the board walk. The new summer bonnet will frame only the baby-face flirt becomingly. It is a small poke, trimmed with a single bunch of roses or violets, which must be of such an excellent imitation as to suggest that they are real, and blossomed for the especial privilege of gracing the bonnet's brim. Two long mull strings complete the headgear, and at the end of one of these is tied a scented bag, which is made of white silk appliqued with flowers. It is called the pompadour bag, probably because some facetious-minded milliner remembered that that famous French beauty was noted for the attachments to her bonnet strings.

FOILED

The ear of the prettiest typewriter was at the telephone when the manager bustled into the office the other morning, and as the door of the box was ajar, he heard her message. It ran thus: "Come to me, darling. Why do I love you so? We will part no more. Meet me beneath the apple tree." He marveled at her carelessness in leaving the door open, and gasped at her audacity in introducing such love-sick sentiments into a business atmosphere. When she emerged, he confronted her. "Miss Tulip," he said, "that telephone was installed, at the expense of the firm, for business purposes only, not for love-making." "Love-making?" replied the damsel, with forced dignity; "I don't quite understand what you mean. I was ordering the songs you said you wanted for your wife. Here they are." "I beg your pardon," replied the manager, with a face like a peony; "I didn't read the list. Oh, thank you."

LOVELY FOR FROGGIE

Twenty thousand frogs a year are used for dissection and experimental purposes in the University of Pennsylvania medical laboratories. Both medical and dental classes view the experiments.

Frogs exist in a peculiar manner. Their spinal cord constitutes the basis of their intelligence, and after their brain is destroyed they will live for an indefinite period. Several years ago the brain of one was taken out. To-day the frog is alive and well and jumping about its cage.



CONRATH'S Conservatory of Music

LOUIS CONRATH, Director.

3400-3402 Lindell Ave. St. Louis, Mo.

Complete and Select Faculty
in all Branches.

DIPLOMAS AWARDED Write for Catalog.



GLOVE QUAILE

There is an advantage in having
your work done by

The Slowest Laundry

or how could we in less than three years have grown from nothing to the largest private trade laundry in the city. You have not had such work as we are doing, nor can you get it elsewhere. We are getting more bundles now, in the

West End District
than any time during The World's
Fair Period.

Dinks L. Parrish's Laundry,

(CORPORATION.)

3126 and 3128 OLIVE STREET.

Lest We Forget

WE USE CAMP JACKSON SPRING WATER.

NOT IN A TRUST.

Frequently holes are made in the back of a frog's head and the brains loosened with a burnt match stick.

Much useful and valuable knowledge has been obtained from these experiments.

As the Pennsylvania law forbids the hunting of bullfrogs, except during certain months of the year, the frog catcher has to make a careful distinction between frogs and bullfrogs. The frog is much smaller and of a different color.

If the supply runs short in the vicinity of Philadelphia, Chicago and other places in the West supply the deficiency.

A careful watch is kept on the pond in the botanical gardens. The bullfrogs there are more than two feet long.

TRODDEN HARD

Three thousand years or more ago

King Solomon, both sage and bard,
Observed a fact he noted thus:

"The way of the transgressor's hard."

The question why is oft discussed,

But this solution seems complete:

The sinner's way is hard because

It's trodden by so many feet!

—WILLIAM B. HILLS, in *May Smart Set*.

Neighbors—"Watkins kisses his wife



CARMODY'S,

213 N. Eighth St.

FINEST LIQUORS

THAT'S ALL.

at the front door every morning before going downtown."

Homer—"Yes; he told me not long ago that he couldn't afford to keep a servant."

"Where does the tall book-keeper pass his evenings?"

"Why, he is studying a row of figures every night."

"You don't mean to say he is looking over his books after hours?"

"No, looking over the stage at the chorus row."

THE CALL OF THE SPRING

Come, choose your road and away, my lad,
Come, choose your road and away!
We'll out of the town by the road's
bright crown
As it dips to the dazzling day.
It's a long white road for the weary;
But it rolls through the heart of the
May.

Though many a road would merrily
ring
To the tramp of your marching feet,
All roads are one from the day that's
done
And the miles are swift and sweet,
And the graves of your friends are the
mile-stones
To the land where all roads meet.

But the call that you hear this day, my
lad,
Is the Spring's old bugle of mirth
When the year's green fire in a soul's
desire
Is brought like a rose to the birth;
And knights ride out to adventure
As the flowers break out of the earth.

O'er the sweet-smelling mountain passes
The clouds lie brightly curled;
The wild flowers cling to the crags and
swing
With cataract-dews impearled;
And the way, the way that you choose
this day
Is the way to the end of the world.

It rolls from the golden long ago
To the land that we ne'er shall find;
And it's uphill here, but it's downhill
there,
For the road is wise and kind,
And all rough places and cheerless
faces
Will soon be left behind.

Come, choose your road and away,
away,
We'll follow the gypsy sun;
For it's soon, too soon to the end of the
day,
And the day is well begun;
And the road rolls on through the heart
of the May
And there's never a May but one.

There's a fir-wood here, and a dog-rose
there,
And a note of the mating dove;
And a glimpse, maybe, of the warm blue
sea,
And the warm white clouds above;
And warm to your breast in a tenderer
nest
Your sweetheart's little glove.

There's not much better to win, my lad,
There's not much better to win!
You have lived, you have loved, you
have fought, you have proved
The worth of folly and sin;
So now come out of the City's rout,
Come out of the dust and the din.

Come out,—a bundle and stick is all
You'll need to carry along,
If your heart can carry a kindly word,

And your lips can carry a song;
You may leave the lave to the 'keep o'
the grave,
If your lips can carry a song!

Come, choose your road and away, my
lad,
Come, choose your road and away!
We'll out of the town by the road's
bright crown,
As it dips to the sapphire day!
All roads may meet at the world's end,
But, hey for the heart of May!
Come, choose your road and away, dear
lad,
Come, choose your road and away.
—Alfred Noyes, in *London Spectator*.

DRESS ON \$65 A YEAR

"Sixty-five dollars a year can clothe
a woman properly," says a report given
out by Edward Atkinson, the statisti-
cian.

Mr. Atkinson's report was prepared by
three women expert stenographers
whom he appointed as a commission of
inquiry. He thus tells the story:

"I called upon three women of great
intelligence, who are expert stenogra-
phers, to make a list of all the gar-
ments and accessories required to dress
to cover a period of four years, so as
to include the wear of outer garments
for four years and the others for a less
term. These lists were prepared and
averaged.

"I then sent a single copy to each of
the heads of our four great department
stores in Boston, requesting that prices
be attached to each item. These were
returned, computed and averaged.

"Then a consultation of the three
women followed. In going over the
lists we made some reductions in the
large cost of hats which it is their habit
to trim for themselves, they buying the
materials; also some accessories, such
as belts, buckles, gloves, etc., to a rea-
sonable average.

"On then dividing the result of the
four returns by four, to reduce it to one
year, it proved that \$65 per annum would
pay the cost."

The following is a list of the things
required: Eight hats, trimmed by the
wearer; eight pairs of shoes (Ox-
fords); eight pairs of high shoes; two
outer garments for summer; two outer
garments for winter; sixteen cotton
shirt waists; twenty-four pairs stock-
ings; two kimonos; four cotton shirt
waist suits; ten undershirts; forty-eight
handkerchiefs; eight corset covers;
neckwear; eight nightgowns; two um-
brellas; eight pairs of cotton gloves;
six winter undervests; four woolen shirt
waists; two silk shirt waists; twelve
corsets; six summer undervests; eight
pairs of kid gloves; eight pairs of rub-
bers; sixteen pair of cotton drawers;
one muff; belts, buckles, etc.

He then tells the solution of the food
and other problems.

Upon a thorough investigation of the
present prices in retail shops, he show-
ed that an adult woman may be nour-
ished completely with food of an appe-
tizing quality at a cost for food mate-

The Three
Ages of Man.

In childhood, middle life and old age
there is frequent need of the tonic
properties that are contained in

ANHEUSER-BUSCH'S
Malt-Nutrine
TRADE MARK.

It is nature's greatest assistant—not a
dark beer but a real malt extract—
positively helpful, non-intoxicating.

Sold by druggists. Prepared only by the

Anheuser-Busch Brewing Ass'n
St. Louis, U. S. A.

rial of not exceeding \$1.25 a week for
each person, or \$65 a year, to which may
be added for luxuries \$15 a year, mak-
ing a maximum of \$80.

These are all approximate estimates
and lead to the conclusion that five per-
sons may combine, or a group of three,
at a higher cost for shelter, providing
themselves with shelter, food, clothing
and other accessories, at the standard
set up, at a cost from \$260 minimum to
about \$300 maximum a year.

WHAT IS IT?

A buzz—a whir—
A cloud of dust—
A wild, blood-curdling yell—
A ghastly object flashing by—
Then silence—and a smell!
—Harvard Lampoon.

Miss Fluffy—"What do you think is
the most important part of a woman's
dress?" Married Man—"The cost."—
Detroit Free Press.

When passing behind a street car
look out for the car approaching from
the opposite direction.

The Newest Books.

A Diary from Dixie, Chestnut, \$2.50;
Pam. Von Hutten, \$1.20; The Way of
the North, Cheney, \$1.20; The Princess
Passes, Williamson, \$1.20; Shining
Ferry, Quiller Couch, \$1.20. Also a com-
plete stock of paper novels, magazines
and periodicals. Subscriptions for all
publications taken at
JETT'S BOOK STORE, 806 Olive St.

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RATES:

\$21.00 to \$23.50 from St. Louis.

TRAINS LEAVE ST. LOUIS

8:17 A. M., 12:00 Noon, 11:00 P. M.

TRAINS FOR

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LEAVE ST. LOUIS

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Get tickets Broadway and Chestnut st.
or address,

C. L. Hileary, A. G. P. A., St. Louis.

Best Passenger Service in
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"No Trouble to Answer Questions."
Write for Resort Pamphlet and New
Book on TEXAS—Free.

E. P. TURNER,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent,
DALLAS, TEXAS.

THE STOCK MARKET

The most prominent feature of the past week's stock market was the sharp upward movement in United States Steel issues, especially the preferred, which, under the impetus of tremendous buying for both long and short accounts, rose to 103, or more than a point above the high level of 1901, which was 101 $\frac{7}{8}$. The common shares gained about two points in value. Undoubtedly, liquidation on a large scale prevented the bull clique from advancing the price to the level anticipated. There must be any number of holders anxious to "unload" around present quotations, or on any further advance of a few points. The reason for the remarkable upward movement in these shares must be sought, of course, in the bullish feeling engendered by the continued, striking prosperity of the iron and steel trade, which is somewhat preserved by the conservative policy of the manufacturers in endeavoring to keep prices down to a sound business level, thus preventing a repetition of the hectic, unstable conditions of a few years ago. According to the *Iron Trade Review*, "the building outlook is steadily improving, and plans involving large business for the structural mills are coming forward each week. In other lines, there has been no marked activity, but, with few exceptions, finishing mills are getting heavy specifications."

The old "gang" seems to have resumed work in Amalgamated Copper, which, latterly, fluctuated feverishly and widely at times, rising several points on unusually large transactions. The buying is stimulated by rumors that the directors, at their meeting, to be held in the near future, will place the stock on a 4 per cent annual basis. Of course, the Standard Oil clique is credited with particularly large purchases. There the old-timers in Wall street who do not hesitate to predict that there will soon be lively doing in Amalgamated. It is intimated that the shares will cross par in short order. Little or nothing is said about honest "Tom" in Boston; he appears to have gotten lost in the exciting shuffle.



We manage, buy, sell, rent, appraise St. Louis city real estate and loan money thereon; pay taxes, place insurance, collect rents.

Capital, Surplus and Profits.
\$8,400,000.00.

**MISSISSIPPI
VALLEY
TRUST
CO.**

FOURTH & PINE STS.
ST. LOUIS

Not much attention is paid to the withdrawal of National deposits by the Treasury Department at Washington. There is, judging by current Wall street talk, all kinds of money just begging to be taken by borrowers at any old rate. As the phrase now is, "money is, and will remain, as easy as an old shoe." The financial wise-acres will, of course, be all badly fooled. This kind of talk has been heard too often in the purlieus of the stock exchange to deserve any special consideration. It is merely "con" talk to catch the suckers. It's all rank rot to say that there's lots of money to be had for speculation. The sanguine bulls will have good reason to change their opinion before two moons have rolled by.

The Union Pacific directors have decided to issue \$100,000,000 new preferred stock. It is intimated that the Harriman crowd expected a sharp break to follow the announcement, and that there was much disappointment when, after a short hesitation and sagging in value, the common bounded up again in a way to delight the hearts of the opposing interests. It is not quite clear why Harriman and his friends should be disposed to knock their own common stock in a manner like this, though, of course, the eminent railroad financier may have his own little scheme in connection with this stock issue. Whatever that scheme may be, cannot be stated off hand. Time only will bring it to light. Some news-mongers have it that the \$100,000,000 additional preferred stock is to go in payment of a majority interest in New York Central shares. This view of the mooted question served to infuse a sort of feeble life and fictitious strength in the central Vanderbilt issue. This much can be said: That the decision to issue new Union Pacific preferred stock means something, and something that should profoundly affect the financial status and prospects of the Union Pacific and other prominent systems.

American Smelting common is scraping the skies. Its quotations are going up steadily, and at a handsome ratio. Wall street rumors are to the effect that there is to be an amalgamation of the entire smelting and refining industry, and that American Smelting common is to be taken in at a valuation of \$120 per share. That something of importance is pending is taken to be pretty certain. The common shares have risen more than sixty points within the last few months, and the stock must be well concentrated by this time.

London stock market operators are very bullish on Pennsylvania. They consider this stock one of the finest investments on the list. They point to the tremendous earning capacity of this system as the best criterion by which to judge the value of the shares. It is intimated that, with the renewal of prosperity in the iron and steel and coal and coke trade, the earnings of the Pennsylvania must soon show enormous gains. The most conservative of these enthusiasts predict 165 for the stock, and that before the end of the current

JOHN WAHL,
President.

H. HUNICKE,
Cashier.

WM. KOENIG,
Vice-President.

NELSON W. McLEOD,
Vice-President.
E. BARKLAGE,
Ass't Cashier.

ORGANIZED 1853.

German Savings Institution

S. W. Cor. Fourth and Pine Streets. (Planters House Bldg.)

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DIRECTORS.

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E. BARKLAGE.
LOUIS FUSZ.
OTTO F. MEISTER.

CHAS. STOFFREGEN.
NELSON W. McLEOD.
JOHN WAHL.
FRED OPP.

STATEMENT AT CLOSE OF BUSINESS MARCH 31, 1905.

ASSETS.		LIABILITIES.	
Loans and Discounts	\$6,725,911.86	Capital	\$500,000.00
Real Estate	85,809.24	Surplus	1,000,000.00
St. Louis City Bonds	2,095,070.00	Undivided Profits	276,206.19
Cash and Sight Exchange	\$2,442,127.82	Reserved for Interest and Taxes	30,000.00
		Dividend No. 47	20,000.00
		Deposits	9,522,712.73
	\$11,348,918.92		\$11,348,918.92

TRAVELERS' LETTERS OF CREDIT ISSUED AVAILABLE IN ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

2 Per Cent Interest Paid on Current Accounts.
3 Per Cent Interest Paid on Time Deposits.

H. WOOD,
President.

RICH'D B. BULLOCK,
Vice-President.

W. E. BERGER,
Cashier.

JEFFERSON BANK,

CORNER FRANKLIN AND JEFFERSON AVES.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

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Western Correspondents of
HAIGHT & FREESE CO.

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Established 1890.

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Grain,
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FOURTH AND
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ST. LOUIS, MO.

WHITAKER & COMPANY,

BOND AND STOCK BROKERS.

Investment Securities a Specialty

Direct Private Wire to New York.

300 N. FOURTH STREET,

ST. LOUIS.

year. Intrinsically, the stock is doubtless worth more than New York Central. For some rather unaccountable reasons, it has been held back for years, and has not at all shared in the extraordinary improvement in security values that has taken place in the last eight years. Take Union Pacific common: This stock has risen from about 20, in 1898, to 132, in 1905, while Pennsylvania common, which never stopped paying dividends, has risen only from about 110 to 145.

The Union Pacific interests are credited with buying Atchison common. Up to some months ago, it was the Cassatt crowd which was believed to have been doing the heavy buying in these shares. After a while, it will probably be found

that both interests, and, perhaps, some other one, are represented in the Atchison's Board of Directors, none having a clear majority interest. The Atchison is too valuable a system to be controlled by one railroad clique alone. This is so well recognized by every far-seeing financier that the belief that the Harriman clique will succeed in gobbling up complete control, is hardly warranted.

The Government's report on the condition of winter wheat on April 1st proved very favorable. It showed the condition to have been 91.6, against 76.5 last year, and 97.3 in 1903, on the same date. The report created so much surprise, because there had been fears all along that a considerable portion of the

acreage had been winter-killed. As it is, the report indicates a yield of 1525 bushels per acre, or a total of 485,000,000 bushels. A condition of 90 is regarded as above the average. The April 1st condition has been equalled, or exceeded only four times in the past eighteen years. This being the case, it must be said that the agricultural outlook, for the time being, is as bright as it possibly could be. Of course, the crop condition is still exposed to the danger of a sharp reduction, but that danger is growing less and less as the days pass by. The estimate of B. W. Snow, the crop statistician, is almost the same as that of the Government, his being exactly 90.0.

In the last few days, the stock market evidenced considerable irregularity, due, chiefly, to profit-taking on the part of the various bull cliques. London reports that the long interest there is still growing, and that it has attained enormous proportions. Much the same reports reached us in the latter part of April, 1901. The conclusion is, therefore, warranted that the end of the *a la hausse* movement is approaching. It would have come already, but for the shifting of loans to European account.

LOCAL SECURITIES.

The bank and trust company issues are again in the foreground of speculative activity in the St. Louis market. Mechanics' National, Bank of Commerce, Missouri-Lincoln and Third National were the principal attractions in this quarter. The stiff rise in Mechanics' was caused by the report that this bank and the American Exchange National had arranged for consolidation. The basis of consolidation is a 25 per cent interest in the new institution by the American Exchange, the remaining 75 per cent to be given the Mechanics' National. The new bank is to be known as the Mechanics-American Exchange National Bank, and will start with a capital of \$2,000,000 and a surplus of \$2,500,000. The deposits will approximate \$25,000,000. The new institution will be the second strongest National bank west of the Mississippi River, in the matter of deposits. Mechanics is now selling at from 301 to 303, and 390 is asked for American Exchange, with no offerings.

Missouri-Lincoln has moved up to 149, on moderate transactions. Bank of Commerce is selling at 345, and Third National at 329 3/4. The last named is considered good for 375, at least, by people who pretend to know what they are talking about. Commonwealth changed hands at 325, and St. Louis Union Trust at 375. A lot of 15 shares of American Central Insurance found a buyer at 270. Owing to the prevalent boom in real estate, Title Guaranty has risen to 70 bid, 75 asked.

Brown Bros.' certificates will receive another payment on April 20th. So far, nothing is known of the amount to be distributed. It is the general expectation among brokers that the syndicate's affairs will soon be wound up by

complete liquidation. In all, 47 per cent of the participation has been paid off by the sale of securities formerly held by the Mercantile Trust Co., as collateral against the trust notes of the street railway company. United Railways preferred has scored a sharp gain, on the announcement of its listing on the New York stock exchange. The stock is selling at 81 1/2 at this writing, while the common voting certificates are selling at 28 1/4. The 4 per cent bonds are changing hands, in a small way, at 89 1/4.

Missouri-Edison Electric 5s are selling at 103 3/4, Laclede Gas 5s at 109 1/2, Merchants' Bridge 6s at 113, and Commercial Building 6s at 102 1/4.

Clearances continue remarkably large. Demand for money is reported to be in fair volume, with interest rates at 4 to 5 1/2 per cent. Sterling is firmer, the last quotation being \$4.86 7/8. Drafts on New York are quoted at 5 cents premium bid, 10 cents premium asked.

Announcement is made that the United Railways system will be turned over to the North American Co. on April 20th, the latter company having secured a majority interest on the stock of the former. The date fixed coincides with that set for the additional and, presumably, last payment on Brown Bros.' certificates.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

Subscriber, Lexington, Mo.—Would advise placing stop order on St. Paul. Stock looks somewhat top-heavy, and may have a sharp set-back when least expected. Eventually, however, it will go considerably higher. Consider it fully worth its present price.

W. W. N.—Ft. Worth, Tex.—Would take profits on Kansas & Texas preferred. Atchison preferred is selling for all it is worth for the present. Would let it go and buy something else on a little setback. Why not try Pennsylvania or Baltimore and Ohio?

O. P. A., Keokuk, Iowa.—Place your stop order on Ontario and hang on to it. Chesapeake and Ohio looks high for its present dividend rate, but should be selling at 75 before a great while. No, would not buy except on a setback. Market full of stop-orders.

THE ARTISTIC MEMBER OF THE FAMILY

Will find plenty of use for paint items for decorative work. Occidental Interior Enamel for tables, etc., and inside walls, and Occidental Flat Back are articles that are indispensable. We have numerous other lines for this kind of work, and will cheerfully give you all information upon your request.

PLATT & THORNBURG PAINT CO.,
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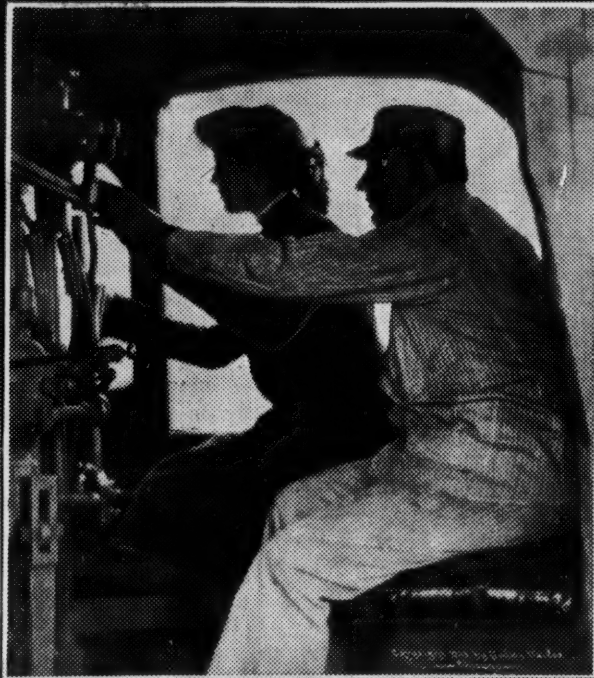
"What do you consider the cleverest act of your life?" asked an old newspaper friend of Richard Croker on the ex-Tammany captain's last visit to New York City. "When I quit politics forever and threw up the leadership of Tammany," replied Mr. Croker, and he tersely added: "Men who speculate in

stocks lose fortunes by 'over-staying the market' as it is called in Wall street. This anecdote has several local applications in the Democratic party.

A story is told of an Englishman who had occasion for a doctor while staying in Pekin, says the Birmingham *Post*. "Sing Loo, gleatest doctor," said his

servant; "he savee my lifee once." "Really?" queried the Englishman. "Yes, me feel awful," was the reply; "me callee in another doctor. He givve me medicine; me velly, velly bad. Me callee in another doctor. He come and give me more medicine, make me velly, velly bader. Me callee in Sing Loo. He no come. He savee my life."

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CITY TICKET OFFICE,

EIGHTH AND OLIVE STS., AND UNION STATION.

INSTRUCTIONS TO HAWKINS

Scene—The Watteau boudoir of Mrs. Moderne-Manners in Fifth avenue. Mrs. Manners is lolling on a pink-and-gold couch, while Hawkins, the head butler, stands at a thoroughly respectful distance.

Mrs. Moderne-Manners—You know, Hawkins, I am leaving to-day with the Willoughby-Winthrops for California, and I want you to attend personally to several little things.

Hawkins—Yes, madame.

Mrs. Moderne-Manners—“Hawkins, now be sure to look after the dogs yourself. The poodles are to have tenderloin steak every morning at 11 o'clock; but be sure to tell the chef not to make any of those rich cream sauces. It will ruin their digestion. Bonne Blanche—I simply hate to think of leaving her alone—must have broiled sweetbreads. Don't feed her oftener than once a day, and don't let any of the servants go near her. She is such a nervous little love.

Hawkins—Yes, madame.

Mrs. Moderne-Manners—I want you to put the parrot in the sunny blue-room, and the laundress can go up every afternoon to keep him company. Tell the laundress to be careful of her English when she is in the room, because I don't want Mephisto to acquire any vulgarisms.

Hawkins—Very good. And the parrot is to have the same seed food?

Mrs. Moderne-Manners—Yes, to be sure. Hawkins, please keep an eye on my dwarfed Japanese trees. I wouldn't have them ruined for worlds. Not too much water, and remember, the afternoon sun is bad for them. And that spider fern that Mr. Lorrington brought me from Porto Rico—see that enough water is given it. I dare say they have a rainy season down there.

Hawkins—Yes, madame. I shall see to the plants myself.

Mrs. Moderne-Manners—Another thing, Hawkins. Don't let anyone use the new gray motor. I don't want that enamel scratched, and my horses are to be out every day. Sundays you can go driving in the park, Hawkins.

Hawkins—Thank you, madame.

Mrs. Moderne-Manners—Redirect all my mail, and see that the windows are locked every night. The second man is so careless. You might set him to cleaning the silver compotiers and all the big pieces when I am away. Of course, the big dining room shall not be used. That will be all, Hawkins.

Hawkins—Yes, madame. But how about the children, Miss Maude and Miss Sybil?

Mrs. Moderne-Manners (sighing)—I dare say they will get on all right. Above all, Hawkins, don't neglect Bonne Blanche.

—Town Topics.

♦ ♦ ♦

WHERE WATER WAS WASTED

John Jacob Astor, at a dinner in Philadelphia, talked about Niagara.

“Every one who goes to Niagara,” he said, “hears some absurd, ridiculous

and inept remark there. The day I first saw Niagara a man touched my arm as I looked up at those white waters. I turned to the man. He had the silly and vacuous smile of the confirmed joker.

“‘It seems a shame,’ he said, ‘to see all this going to waste.’

“‘What are you?’ said I, ‘An electrical engineer?’

“‘No,’ he answered; ‘a milkman.’”—*New York Tribune.*

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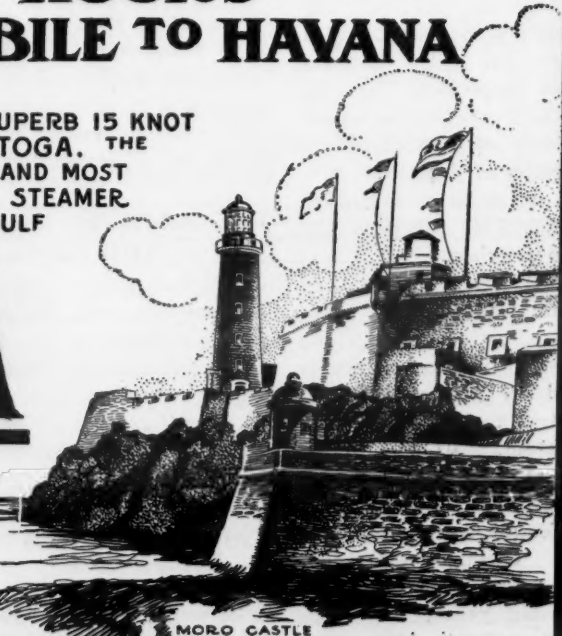


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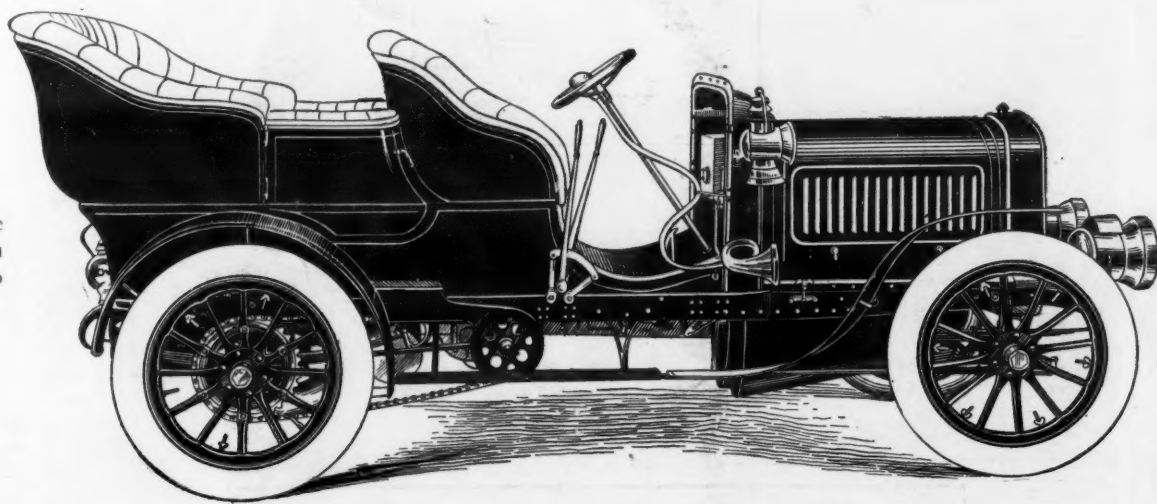


PAINTED IN ROYAL BLUE; vestibuled throughout; lighted by electricity; furnished in African Mahogany, inlaid with holly; windowed with bevel plate and Cathedral jewel glass; furnished with Wilton carpets and upholstered with silk plush; Haviland China and Toledo cut glass; pantry, kitchen and chef's department specially designed; every car supplied with hot and cold water, and heated by steam.

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The car that has won *every* event of speed and endurance of prominence held in the last two years.

The car that made the best showing in the Vanderbilt Cup Race.



The only American machine sold in Paris, the birthplace of the automobile.

The 30 h. p. POPE-TOLEDO.

The Quiet Mile-a-Minute Car.

What some prominent St. Louisans have to say of the clever Pope-Toledo Car.

Mississippi Valley Automobile Co., City:

Gentlemen:—Referring to your inquiry as to my experience with the four cylinder Pope-Toledo Car that I purchased from you in the spring of 1904. This machine was in constant service from about the 1st of May until the 1st of January, and was run about 9,000 miles. Before placing order with you I examined the different makes of machines, and decided on the Toledo, as I believed it the best built car, considering all the mechanical details. I believe that the separate cylinders with separate heads and copper jackets, are superior to any other construction, and that the general workmanship and material of the Toledo machine, are superior to any other.

My car required comparatively little attention, and, as above stated, was in constant service. All parts are accessible, and in case of repairs or adjustments, they can be very easily made.

Yours truly,

J. A. PRESCOTT.

The Pope Motor Car Co., Toledo, Ohio.

Dear Sirs:—I am in receipt of your favor of the 20th, and in reply will say that I signed a contract on yesterday for one of your 45 horse-power cars.

I am going to keep the car I have, and I hope you will take special pains with my new car, as I believe I have been one of the best friends you have had in St. Louis. I am satisfied that I have the best car in this city, and I hope the new one will be equally as satisfactory. Yours truly,

(Signed)

C. H. SPENCER.

Mississippi Valley Auto. Co., St. Louis, Mo.:

Gentlemen:—The Pope-Toledo 24 H. P. car which I purchased of you last October has given splendid satisfaction and I am highly pleased with it, and believe it the best American Car built. The engine is particularly fine, and it takes all the hills on high gear and has plenty of speed. I know of no American machine that can pass me on any kind of a road. Yours truly,

C. H. SPENCER.

Mississippi Valley Automobile Co., 3933 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.:

Dear Sirs:—I believe I was the first purchaser of a Pope-Toledo car in St. Louis. I ordered my car in the early spring of 1903, and it was delivered to me in June of that year, since which time it has been in continual daily service, and I believe the car has covered more miles than any two automobiles in the city. I have made a great many long trips in it, and, in fact, I have driven the car to Chicago and return. I desire to say that the machine has never failed on the road, that it has ample power to take it up all hills on the high gear, and although it is a 1903 make of car, I am able to hold my own on the road with any of them. My car is as good to-day as it was when it left the factory, and, in my opinion, is as handsome a car as is to be seen on the road.

Wishing you continued success with the Pope-Toledo car, I am, yours truly,

G. LACY CRAWFORD.

P. S.—I have had no repair work done on the car except what was attended to by my chauffeur.

The Mississippi Valley Automobile Company, 3927 Olive street, City.

Gentlemen:—Replying to your valued communication of the 15th instant.

I take pleasure in stating that the Pope-Toledo Four Cylinder car has been a very satisfactory one to me in every way. It is very comfortable, runs very smoothly, is speedy, and is an excellent hill climber.

Yours very truly,

HARRISON I. DRUMMOND.

Mr. H. S. Turner, Jr., Care Mississippi Val. Auto. Co., 3935 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.:

Dear Sir:—Replying to your letter February 15th.

Beg to advise that the Pope-Toledo machine, 1904 model, purchased by me about a year ago, has given entire satisfaction. The machine made nearly seven thousand miles the past year with only such repairs as was made by the chauffeur.

I have never had a five-minute delay in any of my trips on the car, nor has it ever been towed a mile. Yours truly,

F. H. BRITTON.

MISSISSIPPI VALLEY AUTOMOBILE CO.,

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